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WITH SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**
THE BATTLE OF DOORNKOP By Post, 6¹/₂d.



ASHANTI EXPEDITION: PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG'S LAST BREAKFAST, IN STAFF OFFICERS' MESS-ROOM, CAPE COAST CASTLE, BEFORE MARCHING FOR COOMASSIE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In these days when centenarians are as common as blackberries, and sanitary authorities guarantee our living even longer if we will only consent to part with every pleasure, it is no wonder that now and again the snapping of some link with the forgotten past brings it back to our notice. Yet to hear of a "running footman" having only just departed from the world of railways and telegraphs gives one a strange sense of incongruity. The last of this now extinct calling, Samuel Cliffe, left us but a few days ago, his long race having at last been run. It seems surprising, considering how the ways of the world have changed since his early days, that he was but ninety-three years old. It must be near half a century since anyone has seen a running footman, and it is difficult to believe that not much longer ago all messages requiring express speed were delivered by this means. Cliffe's principal duty was to secure relays of post horses for those who used them, and in that capacity he was employed by the wild Lord Waterford and "Jack Mytton." What mad memories the man must have had who served such masters! If he could have retained and communicated them his conversation would have been more valuable to a publisher than that of Coleridge, who was offered twelve guineas a sheet for it. All along the Great North Road Cliffe was a well-known figure, and in all its inns he enjoyed the credit of his patrons. His usual "run" was about sixty miles a day, which, even in this time of pedestrian records, is good going. It is idle, of course, to compare his usefulness with that of the telegraph, but his errands were not so liable to miscarry; and, indeed, it is rather curious that since that scientific invention, running foot-boys (the Post Office Express Messengers) have been established, who are found to do short distances in shorter time than the wire, and in many cases more cheaply.

Copybook morality has had many severe buffets of late from the hand of Science, but none more cruel than its recent attack on early rising. "Early to bed and early to rise" is a dogma that may claim antiquity with those of religion, and yet one of our medical journals actually denounces it as "matutinal mania." An American specialist goes much further, and attributes the frequency with which farmers in the South and West become insane (and Jingoed) to "the inhuman hours at which they are in the habit of getting up." It seems shocking; yet most of us will rather sympathise with this carrying the war into what may be called the enemy's country; for we have been exposed for many years to the contempt of the proud—of the people, that is, who plume themselves upon their power of early rising, and treat with scorn those of inferior virtue. In old-fashioned works of fiction this supposed merit is placed in the first rank, and the success of the early riser and the failure of the lie-a-bed are confidently predicted from their earliest years. He was supposed to be the best test of a capacity for business, while its absence was made conspicuous in the youth who frittered his time away in making sonnets, and was doomed to the 'patron and the jail.' It must be confessed that literary folk have not, on the whole, been distinguished for alacrity in leaving their beds on cold mornings. Some of them have even dared to defend their somnolency. "A man that is so fond of stirring," says Hood, "must be a spoon." Another admits that a mechanical person can "get up without any ado at all; but so can the barometer." One of our most charming essayists has described his feelings at being haled out of his bed by a "harpy-footed fury," as Milton calls him, a fellow who comes to call him—

On opening my eyes the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a chimney. Think of this symptom! Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that! Then the servant comes in. "It is very cold this morning, is it not?" "Very cold, Sir." "Very cold, isn't it?" "Very cold indeed, Sir." "More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) "Why, Sir . . . I think it is." (Good creature! there is not a better or more truth-telling servant going.) "I must rise, however; get me warm water." Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water, during which, of course, it is of "no use" to get up. The hot water comes. "Is it quite hot?" "Yes, Sir." "Perhaps too hot for shaving; I must wait a little." "No, Sir, it will just do." (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue a little troublesome.) "Oh, the shirt! you must air my clean shirt! Linen gets very damp this weather." "Yes, Sir." Here another delicious five minutes.

It is curious that this writer, as if he had prevision of modern discoveries, inquires "What proof and precedents have we of the ill effects of late rising in cold weather? How do we know that it is inimical to longevity?" And then he adds a most sensible observation: "Moreover, as to longevity, is the longest of necessity the best, or Holborn the handsomest street in London?"

In an address lately published by the President of Magdalen, Oxford, he takes occasion to remark that conceit is not just now very prevalent among the young, and wishes that there were more of it if it would lead young people to attempting more; and a recent *Spectator* has an interesting article upon this text. Conceit, as generally understood, is a self-confidence which is not warranted; but it is to be noted that this meaning is the

sixth and last attributed to it in the dictionary. It is very often only a due sense of proportion, manifested as regards ourselves instead of others. One who is really superior in intelligence to his fellows can no more prevent feeling it than a beautiful girl can help perceiving she is better looking than her sisters. It does not follow that she gives herself airs upon that account. I think it is rare (though no doubt there are exceptions to the contrary) when a person takes a modest view of his own abilities to find them considerable. Moreover, it is very natural, and not at all to be deprecated, that when a man's abilities are recognised he should take pleasure in the fact. There is such a thing as that which the writer in the *Spectator* happily calls "sunny conceit." He indicates, without naming him, a great poet of our own day who was full of this agreeable quality, and it is a very excellent illustration. One day he came into my room, and found among my smoking treasures a packet of tobacco entitled "Sweetness and Light," with his name beneath it. No child upon his birthday could have been better pleased with a new toy. "This is really gratifying," he said, with a bright twinkle in his eye, "let me know where I can get some." And I took him out to the shop.

Some people would have called this vanity, but if it was so, it was an attractive form of it. To have ignored the compliment thus implied to his fame, or to have expressed contempt for it, would have been far less fitting because affected. Such tributes to our reputation are naturally gratifying. Thackeray did not despise the brandy sent by his unknown admirer, but justly observed of it, "This is fame." Such marks of public favour are encouraging, and really benefit their recipients. "Just as conceit," says the *Spectator*, "with no just foundation is one of the most misleading will-o'-the-wisps that ever guided men into a swamp, so self-confidence founded on capacity is one of the most effective stimulants to hard and efficient work. Just think what an effect his friend's conception of Dickens as the 'Incomparable' had upon him in stirring him to the laborious literary life he led!" This is true, though the name applied to Dickens was the "Inimitable" (not the "Incomparable"), and many a time—though, of course, with a humorous twinkle—have I heard it applied to him by himself. What is a much more reasonable object of censure than conceit is egotism, which, in fact, is a far more prevalent and disagreeable attribute. Whether a man has a higher opinion of his abilities than they deserve is, after all, a matter of opinion, but there can be no doubt of the overweening vanity of the egotist.

Dr. Hermann's stories of premature burial are not hilarious, and yet there is something in the subject, lugubrious as it is, that is attractive—perhaps because it is a misfortune that may happen to anybody. At the same time, it is doubtful whether it has ever happened in England at all. "These things are mainly Continental," except, of course, in the United States, where everything happens. An American witness, indeed, describes how, so recently as 1860, his grandmamma was found "turned over on her side in her coffin, and there were evidences of a short struggle." One would like to have had the evidences, and it always seems, somehow, unfortunate as regards the credibility of an abnormal incident when it happens to one's grandmother. Other instances are quoted as having happened at Wels (not our Wells, but in Austria) and also at Merva, near Gorizia, a locality no doubt to be found in the atlas, if you did but know where to look for it. "Where the climate's sultry," interments are very prompt, and the possibility of their being premature is increased; but the apprehension of it that many Englishmen have entertained seems absurdly out of proportion to the risk. Instructions have sometimes been left in wills that the doctor should "mak' siccar"—or, as a cynic might say, should thoroughly finish his work—by cutting his late patient's head off. I had once a friend who had bequeathed ten pounds to his medical attendant for this operation, and made no secret of it. To a philosopher like himself it was nothing at all; but for my part, when I saw them together, I could never help feeling very forcibly the uncanniness of their future relations, and thinking to myself, "Some day or another, Doctor, instead of playing piquet with your patient" (which was a part of the treatment, and the most successful one), "you'll be cutting my poor friend's head off." Science tells us that "force is never lost"; otherwise that sentimental emotion of mine, to persons who are not scientific, would seem to have been utterly wasted, for the patient survived his physician. According to Dr. Hermann, the accepted signs of death are not to be relied upon, and we should wait, to be quite sure, till—

Decay's effacing fingers

Have swept the lines where beauty lingers—
than which there is nothing more appalling and humiliating to witness. In fourteen days at most, we are told, our dead are beyond recognition, and in three months all vestiges of the human face divine have disappeared.

The order in which we part with our faculties is seldom altered. First goes the reason—"We lose the power of comparison, of bringing together our ideas so as to judge of their relation"; then we are said to have lost our consciousness, to be delirious. It is then that our

prevailing passions are recognised, and we babble the secrets of the heart. Next the taste and smell go, the sight becomes impaired—"To dying eyes the casement slowly grows a glimmering square"; then the ear is dulled; the sense of touch lingers to the last. In trance, of course, even this last sign of life is not apparent, and it is in trance that we are therefore most exposed to the risk of premature interment. Yet to the trained eye Trance and Death are by no means twin sisters: they have a family likeness, but can be easily recognised apart. For poetical purposes they have been often more closely associated, but not always—

These are our drowsy days; in vain
We do now wake to sleep again;
Oh, come that hour when we shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever!

The only person, probably, in this country who has actually deceived the eye of science in the matter of death was Colonel Townsend, whose case was recorded by Dr. Cheyne—

He could, to all appearance, die whenever he pleased: his heart ceased to beat, there was no perceptible respiration, and his whole frame became cold and rigid as death itself, the features being shrunk and colourless, and the eyes glazed and ghastly. He would continue in this state for several hours, and then gradually revive, and by an effort, or somehow, he would come to life again. He performed the experiment in the presence of three medical men, one of whom kept his hand on his heart, another held his wrist, and the third placed a looking-glass before his lips; and they found that all traces of respiration and pulsation gradually ceased, insomuch that after consulting about his condition for some time, they were leaving the room, persuaded that he was really dead, when signs of life appeared, and he slowly revived.

It is generally supposed that the Colonel tried this little experiment once too often (as Mr. Weller the elder nearly did in that discovery of his how to laugh in one's inside), but such was not the case.

There have of late been several instances of men of other trades joining the ranks of literature, and pushing their professors from their stools. Mr. Du Maurier, for one, after having gained the summit of his own calling, suddenly resolved to be a novelist, and—hey presto!—he reached the heights of popularity at a bound. No one who knows him grudges him his success, but there are doubtless brethren of his new craft who feel the effect of his popularity in the decrease of their circulation, and wish to Heaven that instead of looking for more worlds to conquer he had remained satisfied with his own sphere. The fact of Mr. Andrew Lang's new venture is not so surprising, because he has already tried so many modes of the lyre and shown himself the master of all. We feel that the brightest of journalists and the gayest of scholars—bearing his weight of learning like a flower—the genial philosopher, the tender poet would not have completed his record without having tried his hand at an historical novel, and, according to expectation—and beyond it—here it is. He impersonates a Monk of Fife, in 1429 or so, in the most natural manner, and gives us such incidents as we have not met with since Charles Reade gave us "The Cloister and the Hearth." Indeed, the book reminds one not a little of that noble romance. Norman Leslie's adventures are as amazing as any to be found therein, and have to do with an even more amazing personage—namely, the Maid of Orleans. His first acquaintance is made with her under unpleasant circumstances: he is on his back, bound and gagged, awaiting death at the hands of robbers so soon as they have laid under contribution a band of travellers passing through the wood—

The single rider drew near, and passed, and there came no cry of "Pax vobiscum!" from the friar. But the foremost rider had, perchance, the best horse and the least wearied, for there was even too great a gap between him and the rest of his company.

And now their voices might be heard as they talked by the way, yet not so loud that, straining my ears as I did, I could hear any words.

But the sounds waxed louder, with words spoken, ring of hoofs, and rattle of scabbard on stirrup, and so I knew, at least, that they who rode so late were men armed. Brother Thomas, too, knew it, and cursed again very low.

Nearer, nearer they came, then almost opposite; and now, as I listened to hear the traitorous signal of murder—"Pax vobiscum!"—and the twang of bow-strings on the night, there rang a voice, a woman's voice, soft but wondrous clear, such as never I knew from any lips but hers who then spoke; that voice I heard in its last word, "Jesus!" and still it is sounding in my ears.

That voice said, "Nous voilà presque arrivés, grâce à mes Frères de Paradis."

Instantly, I knew not how, at the sound of that blessed voice and the courage in it, I felt my fear slip from me as we awoken from a dreadful dream, and in its place came happiness and peace. Scarce otherwise might he feel who dies in fear and wakes in Paradise.

The story of the Monk of Fife is, in fact, the story of La Pucelle, which has certainly never been so brought home to us before; for while we read we seem to live and breathe in that atmosphere of gallantry and superstition in which she flourished for her little day. The author has a great difficulty to surmount before enlisting our sympathies, since the cause he espouses is necessarily anti-English, but his skill is too much for our fealty, and in the end we not only admit our conduct to "the Maid" was "not exactly right," but are half induced to believe she was the saint she thought herself. The one blot in this otherwise most satisfactory narrative is that its villain, Brother Thomas—a most unmitigated and (to my mind) highly attractive ruffian—does not come to the evil end he has so thoroughly deserved. This is a failure of justice for which Mr. Lang owes his readers an apology.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

Of all sentiments, the consciousness of mortality, which in the lower animals may be instinctive but cannot be an intelligent idea, seems the most truly human; and the death of one who had princely rank, who lived in domestic association with that exalted personage bearing the title of sovereign Majesty, and who was the husband of a daughter of our "revered, beloved" Queen, compels every heart to feel how frail, in the sight of reason, are the barriers of social distinction that separate the natural sufferings of bereaved family affection in the most exalted and in the humblest class from that one common "touch of nature" in our race that "makes the whole world kin." There is an aged widow, God bless her! at Osborne, with a young widow at her side; the latter has young children, while those of the former are men and women, holding their own places all honourably and, we trust, happily, in the high region of pryncedom. Cannot the least of us, with any experience of family affection—for none are so poor as not to have loved and lost—enter into their feelings now, and freely sympathise with the peculiar sorrow of womanhood upon such an occasion? Cannot every man who has known the value of a wife and has brought his own heart—a great proof of conjugal love—to share her inborn regard for her mother—his mother, too, by adoption—realise the last dying sentiments of him who breathed his last on a sultry night at sea off the pestilential shore of West Africa, when he knew that he would never reach his home?

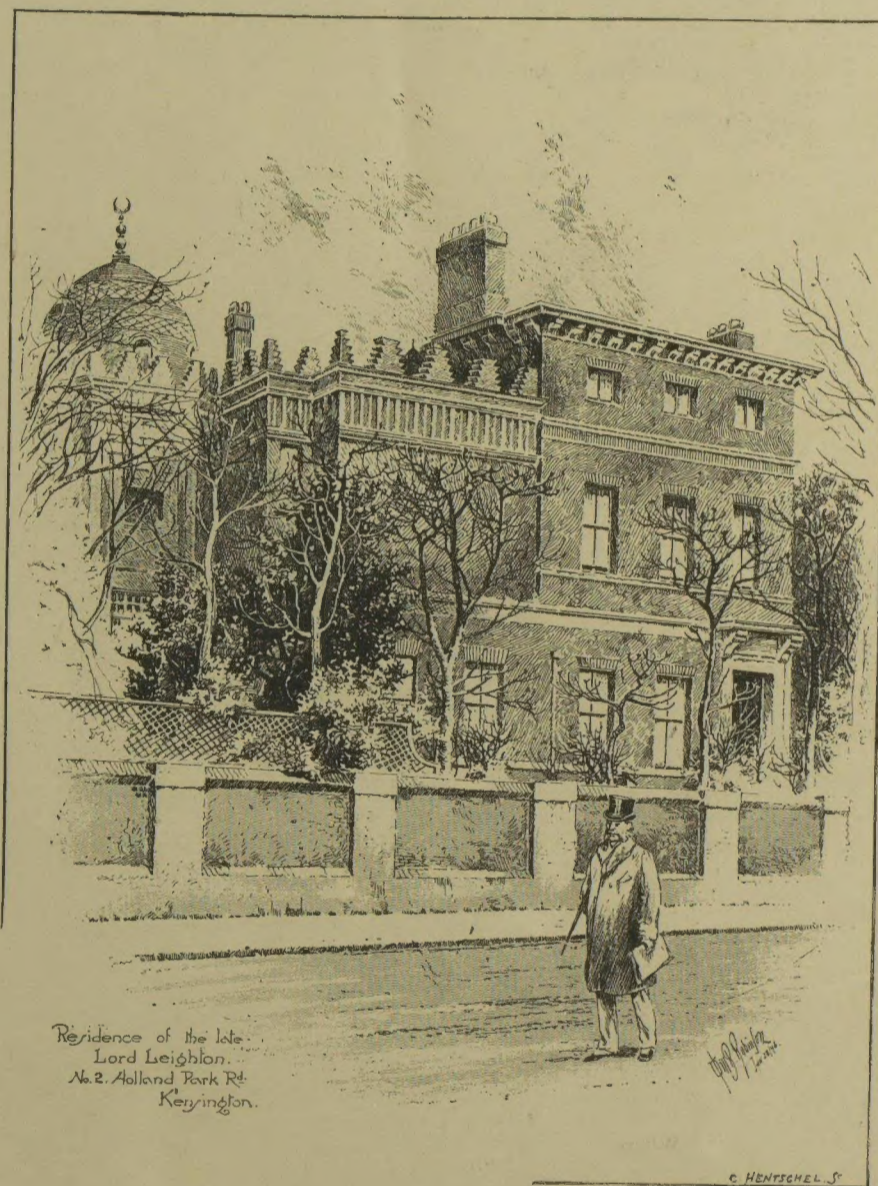
That man was Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg, no hero in action, which was not by any fault of indolence in his character, but a gentleman, by all accounts of him, with the gallant impulses of his race, doubtless as brave as his elder brother, Prince Alexander, the ruler and soldier of the new Bulgarian State, and as capable of punctual, officer-like service, if war had called it forth, as Prince Louis, a Captain of the Royal Navy, husband of a grandchild of our Queen. It is easy to understand the manly spirit that prompted him, doubtless contrary to the wishes of the two illustrious ladies who wanted his companionship at home, to join this Ashanti Expedition for the chance of proving himself to be endowed with those qualities of soldiership which every German and many Englishmen of high birth are disposed to regard as a needful title to social esteem. He may have been restless of late, as was suspected from his prolonged yacht voyage in the autumn, slightly impatient of the routine of the royal household, and of the lack of important work; for he was not an enthusiastic student, an artist or amateur, or a director of philanthropic business, like some other Princes. For his own sake we could have wished him, long ago, active professional service, like the Duke of Connaught, in the Army, or in the Navy with the Duke of Edinburgh and his own brother Prince Louis; but then, perhaps, the married life of Princess Beatrice and the household comfort of our Queen would have missed for long intervals the genial presence of him who has cheered their feminine retirement and has aided them in the frequent reception of their relatives and friends. He has not lived in vain, or unworthily, as a good husband and father, a good adopted son, a Prince of the royal home; and his reward shall follow him in a fair share of the public esteem.

Born at Milan on Oct. 5, 1858, third son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, by his wife, the Countess Julie von Hauke, created Princess of Battenberg, he was educated in Germany for the Army; but the marriage of his brother, Prince Louis, to Princess Victoria of Hesse in 1884 introduced him to the English royal family; an attachment between him and Princess Beatrice soon became apparent, and in 1885, on July 23, they were united by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the little village church at Whippingham. He became a naturalised Englishman by Act of Parliament, was made a Knight of the Garter, a member of the Privy Council, and a Colonel in the Army, and was more recently appointed Governor of Carisbrooke Castle and of the Isle of Wight, and Captain-General of the forces there. His life during the past ten years has been quiet, uneventful, blameless, amiable, chiefly devoted to the personal service of her Majesty in family and private affairs, and to the welfare of his wife and children, who are four in number: Prince Alexander, born in 1886, Princess Victoria Eugenia Ena, Prince Leopold, and Prince Maurice, the youngest, born in 1891. Prince Henry of Battenberg has been to the Queen, we believe,

what any of her younger sons, remaining unmarried and staying with her, might possibly have been; and there is no reason to doubt that all the royal family have gladly seen him fill that place so well.

THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

Here and there, in a world of commonplace, appears a romantic man. What it is that makes him so, one is not quite sure. It is so rare a quality that it cannot be conferred by rank or by wealth, or even by large achievements in arms or the arts or education. Great personal gifts and accomplishments leave most men still uninteresting. The romantic man may have all these, but he must have more than these. Indefinable in any brief space are the qualities which made the first and the latest of the Presidents of the Royal Academy romantic, but not West or Landseer or Grant, or any of all the list that links them. Any age would have held Lord Leighton to be a figure of romance, and among the first of such figures. Until to-day, indeed, one had to hesitate to acknowledge him as such lest there should be the suspicion of flattery. Yet the Queen so acknowledged him by the peerage she conferred upon him only a month before he died.



Residence of the late
Lord Leighton.
No. 2, Holland Park Rd.
Kensington.

THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON'S HOUSE IN HOLLAND PARK ROAD, KENSINGTON.

For another thing, the new honour completed the vindication of the boy in the choice of a career after his own heart. At fifteen he stood with his doubting father before an American sculptor in Florence to hear his fate. A sketch of a dog he had made when he was six; a serious illness at ten, and a recovery into which he read a hint of predestination; art-studies, which brought no disillusion with their drudgery; and, finally, a father's fears that the boy, pursuing one branch of knowledge, neglected other branches, and wasted over easels in Rome and Berlin time which ought to be spent in preparation for a career at Cambridge—these were the main episodes in the past life of the lad who now had to learn his fate from the lips of the arbiter. The words of Hiram Powers, as they were remembered by him who heard them, were said with American emphasis: "You have no choice," he told the father: "Nature has made it for you. Your son may be as eminent as he pleases." Those words stand, though the world be otherwise topsy-turvy. For strange are the reversions of that old scene and those positions. The sculptor himself—then the boy's patron—is now remembered in England more by those words of his than by the marbles that gave him the prestige to say them; and, by that verdict of his, America may be said to have given us our President of the Academy, and, for that matter, made an English Peer! And so, when war was madly hinted, the boy became President repaid the obligation by placing in the post of honour in this Winter Exhibition a portrait of General Washington. To Florence,

the scene of that meeting, he made in due course of events his acknowledgment too—the gift of his noble portrait in the Uffizi. And the father who doubted his son's power to be an "all round man" lived to see him acknowledged to be one of the most accomplished of Englishmen; and as for that Cambridge degree that he mourned his son should miss, did not five Universities come to him, since he could not go to them, and give him the degrees he did not seek? Never was young rebel against convention more artistically justified by results.

Leighton's art-training was continued in Paris, at Frankfurt, under Steinle, and in Brussels. Then he spent three winters in Rome, where he produced his picture of Cimabue and his friends following in procession that painter's Madonna through the streets of Florence. It was exhibited in 1855 in the Royal Academy, and bought by the Queen. That was the first link in the long chain of fidelity which attached him for forty years to the Academy and to its royal head. But it was to Paris and not to London that he now turned his steps, and in friendly intercourse with Ary Scheffer and other artists formed the style of art by which he has since become familiarly known. Academy pictures followed in almost uninterrupted succession—"The Triumph of Music," "Helen of Troy,"

"Jonathan's Token to David," "Romeo and Juliet," "Capri, Sunrise"—a reminiscence of a visit to that island of his love in 1859—"Paolo and Francesca," and "The Star of Bethlehem," a work which brings us to 1864, the year in which he was elected an Associate of the Academy. After a prolonged tour in Spain he settled in Holland Park Road, where he built himself, from the designs of Mr. George Aitchison, A.R.A., a house to live, and alas! to die, in. This worthy habitation he enriched with tiles from Rhodes and "the gorgeous East," exquisite in colour, yet not more lovely than his own sketches in oil, little known to the public, but familiar to his friends and to that large circle of acquaintances who attended his "Sunday Afternoons." Their beauty proved that their painter had powers and inspirations which came like sudden flashes: radiance of light, charms of execution, accident, surprise, a sweet characteristic realism, impulse, and the inimitable quality of freshness. Nothing more refined and nothing more ingenious can be imagined than this work from nature, giving, in divine colours and light, impressions of Aegean seas, of Oriental wall and palm, of Italian cypress, of Greek marbles warmed by ages of sun. And though Lord Leighton lived in these noble and beautiful environments, it is his own figure that remains in memory as the most beautiful and noble of all.

During his Associateship Leighton continued to exhibit diligently, the list of his works including the "Venus Unrobing," the "Clytemnestra," and the "Hercules Wrestling with Death for the Body of Alceste," a picture referred to by his intimate friend, Browning, in "Balaustion's Adventure." In 1869 Leighton was elected to full membership of the Academy. In 1876 he exhibited his unsurpassed "Daphnephoria," a picture twenty feet long, a commission from his friend Mr. Stewart Hodgson. Three years later he was elected President

of the Royal Academy. Then followed, among many other works equally notable, his "Phryne at Eleusis," his "Cymon and Iphigenia," his "Greek Girls Playing at Ball," his "Hit," his "Spirit of the Summit," and his "Flaming June." For next year's Exhibition he has left no fewer than five canvases, far advanced towards completion. Of his work in portraits, his "Captain Burton," which hung on the staircase at Holland Park Road, remains the finest. His proficiency in sculpture reached to high achievement in his "Athlete" and his "Sluggard." His frescoes at South Kensington and in Lyndhurst Church are well known; and his part in the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral makes all the more fitting the choice of that noble building as his last resting-place.

A week before Lord Leighton's death, when the writer of this notice last saw him, his spirits were at their highest. He talked with confidence of his recovery from his heart trouble. A lady had said, by way of consolation, that it took seven years for its cure. "Thank you for nothing," he said—he meant to be better in a year. It was not to be. He passed away last Saturday, surrounded by those whom he most loved—his two sisters; Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., his best of friends; and Mr. Pepys Cockerell; and his last thoughts were for them rather than for himself and his own sufferings: "Let me die quickly—it is more painful for you than for me." "Give my love to the Academy" was another of those last characteristic messages, completing a life which had been utterly devoted and unselfish from first to last.



BORN OCT. 5, 1858.

DIED JAN. 20, 1896.

H.R.H. THE LATE PRINCE HENRY MAURICE OF BATTENBERG, K.G.

From a Photograph by Barraud, Oxford Street.

PERSONAL.

Sir Henry George Calcraft died last week at his house in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, from the effects of a cold which turned to pneumonia. Born in 1836, he began in the Board of Trade at the age of sixteen that career as a civil servant from which he retired only some two years ago. In 1859 he became Private Secretary to the President of the Board of Trade, a position he held with satisfaction

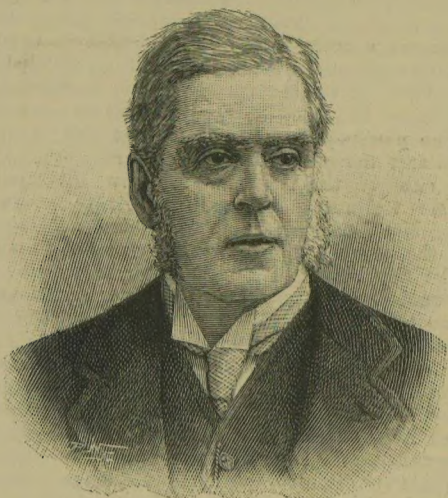


Photo Russell and Sons.
THE LATE SIR HENRY CALCRAFT.

under successive Ministers. In 1874 the Board began to exercise greater control over the railway system, and Sir Henry Calcraft, as Assistant Secretary, did great service in this connection, one improvement following another in quick but quiet succession. In 1886 Sir Henry rose to the highest permanent office in the Board of Trade—the secretaryship. His business knowledge and influence led to his becoming a director of the Suez Canal Company, of the National Telephone Company, and of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company. In social life Sir Henry was very popular as a good talker and a lover and teller of friendly gossip. Only a few days before his death he returned to town from a round of country visits, one to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, and another to his brother, Mr. William Montagu Calcraft, at Rempstone Park, Corfe Castle.

The Lords ought to mourn the fate which has denied to them the companionship of Lord Leighton. He would have been the one man in pictorial harmony with their Chamber. Simply as a decorative figure on the woolsack he would have approached the sublime. Much more than that, Lord Leighton would have introduced a new element—a new point of view. There is a sad lack of the purely artistic sense in our Senate. In the House of Commons you do not expect it; but there is something in the atmosphere of the Upper House which clamours for a halo of romance. Tennyson might have given it, but he never sat there; and if he had, he would have taken no part in debate. Lord Leighton, a born orator, would not have been content to be silently picturesque.

The extremely sudden death of Sir Joseph Barnby on Tuesday, Jan. 28, deprives the official musical world of a most important servant of art. Like nearly every English musician of consequence in England, Sir Joseph began life as a chorister. He was born at York, and it was at York Minster that he sang as a boy. He was beaten in the competition for the Mendelssohn Scholarship by Sir Arthur Sullivan—a strange enough meeting. As a young man, Barnby gave great promise as a composer; and it is certain that his part-song "Sweet and Low" is an exquisite thing of its kind. Later in life, composition became absorbed in conducting and teaching. He succeeded to the posts of Music-master of Eton, President of the Guildhall School of Music, and Director of the Royal Choral Society. It was in this latter capacity that he was perhaps best known to the outside world. As a conductor he was conscientious, firm, and uncompromising. If he lacked a little in inspiration, he never wanted for straightforward decisiveness and a determination to conquer all mechanical difficulties. He will be sorely missed.

The death of Mr. Tracy Turnerelli has robbed English politics of a quaint personality. It is a good many years since Mr. Turnerelli sprang into fame with the golden wreath which Lord Beaconsfield so cruelly rejected. This statesman had a sense of the ridiculous, but some of his devoted admirers had none, for Mr. Turnerelli found thousands of subscribers for his wreath. When the offering was scorned, Mr. Turnerelli showed himself a man of fibre, for instead of relapsing into obscurity he worked with greater diligence than ever for his political principles. Tracts and leaflets flowed from his facile pen in wild abundance. The public came at last to regard him with a certain droll liking, for the sincerity of the man was as obvious as his simplicity.

Prince Henry of Orleans has been doing some ticklish work. At the head of a small expedition, he has explored the unknown regions of the Mekong, which France has just acquired under the new treaty with Great Britain. The party suffered serious privations, and might have

starved but for the timely aid of the officials at a British outpost. This incident ought to mollify some of the Chauvinists on the Paris boulevards, for it can scarcely be said that the British official who succoured Prince Henry and his companions had any perfidious design.

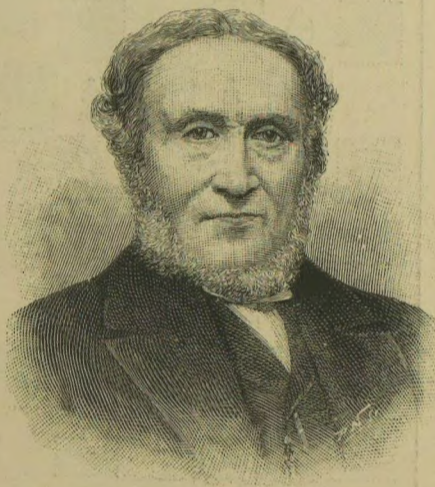
M. Lassalle, the distinguished baritone of the Paris Opera, has confuted the common theory that an artist has no head for commerce. He has given up music and taken to the manufacture of cement. His savings have been invested in a factory on the banks of the Seine, where he fills the circumambient air with smoke instead of melody. It is to be hoped that M. Lassalle encourages his workmen with an occasional song. His baritone might prove persuasive in case of a strike.

Mr. John Francis Barnett, the composer of the "Ancient Mariner," is just completing the music of an elaborate Mass. He has been occupied upon this work for nearly two years, and is now orchestrating it. Although this is the first Mass which Mr. Barnett has written, his experience of ecclesiastical music is large, and the work is pronounced by his friends to be his best achievement. It will be heard, probably, at one of the festivals.

Prince Boris of Bulgaria is probably indifferent to the prolonged agitation about his proposed baptism in the Orthodox Church. His father has paid a hurried visit to Rome, apparently to conciliate the Pope, who is said to have threatened him with excommunication in the event of the "conversion" of Prince Ferdinand, who may be excommunicated without gaining any particular advantage for his dynasty by the baptismal concession to Russian sentiment. On the other hand, what effect would his excommunication have upon the Bulgarian people?

Mr. Alexander Macmillan, one of the two founders of the great publishing firm, died last Saturday at 21, Portland Place, W., in his seventy-eighth year.

With his elder brother, Daniel, he started a publishing house in Aldersgate Street in 1843, and in the same year bought, with the help of Archdeacon Hare, Newby's business in Cambridge, whither both brothers went a year later, relinquishing their establishment in London. In 1845 the firm was styled Macmillan, Barclay, and Macmillan; but five years later Mr. Barclay retired, and the familiar "Macmillan and Co." was the adopted and enduring title of the firm. The Rev. J. D. Maurice and the Rev. Charles Kingsley were among the first authors produced by the Macmillans; and by the year 1857—a year after the death of Mr. Daniel Macmillan—the firm was important enough to resume its place in London, first in Henrietta Street, and afterwards in Bedford Street, where it still remains. From 1863 to 1880 Mr. Alexander Macmillan was publisher to the University of Oxford, and when the University became its own publisher, it gave Mr. Macmillan the honorary degree of Master of Arts. The firm remained, however, the agent of Oxford, as well as of Cambridge, for the American market, and they have a flourishing branch house in New York. Mr. Macmillan leaves sons and nephews in his business, as well as an able partner in Mr. Craik. The publishers of Tennyson at the time of his death, they are the publishers also of his successor. As producers of schoolbooks, out of which large fortunes are apparently still to be made by publishers, the Macmillans have shown all their old industry and address. Mr. Alexander Macmillan was a man of wide social sympathies; and he had the respect of a large circle of friends.



THE LATE MR. A. MACMILLAN.

M. Henri van Laun was an Englishman in all but name; for he came to this country fifty years ago and belonged to it, if not by birth, by adoption and taste and habit. At first he turned to teaching the French language, and for the last twenty years he had been an Examiner in French for the Civil Service Commission and for the War Office. He began his industrious labours as a translator with the works of his friend H. A. Taine, the "History of English Literature" running through many editions, and the "History of French Literature" following suit. Later he translated Molière's works and "Gil Blas," displaying a good deal of skill in each case as an editor and commentator.



THE LATE M. HENRI VAN LAUN.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT

So far as I can remember there has been no failure at the Lyceum Theatre up to the present moment since Aug. 2, 1879, when Miss Geneviève Ward produced a play called "Zillah," written by Palgrave Simpson and Claude Templar. Miss Ward on this luckless occasion doubled the parts of Zillah and Constance, some of the changes being effected on a ladder, to the great amusement of the audience, who pronounced the doom of the play very quickly. Forbes-Robertson was also the hero of this unfortunate play; and among his companions in affliction were J. H. Barnes, W. Herbert, old Mead, and Rose Phillips, a daughter of the celebrated dramatist Watts Phillips. The play only ran for a few nights, and, luckily, Miss Geneviève Ward had on her desk the remarkably clever play, "Forget-Me-Not," by Herman Merivale and F. C. Grove, which made an instant success on Aug. 21, 1879, and brought in a small fortune to the brilliant exponent of the Countess Mohrivar. The play was transferred to the old Prince of Wales's Theatre when Henry Irving returned to the Lyceum, and was subsequently acted all over the world.

With reference to some remarks of mine last week on the similarity of the story of Tom Moore's "St. Senanus and the Lady" to the ill-fated "Michael and his Lost Angel," an amiable correspondent points out that, according to the same poet, there were still other saints who retired to rocky fortresses to be out of the way of the temptation of dangerous ladies "with eyes of most unholy blue"—notably St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is still to be seen at Glendalough, one of the most gloomy and romantic spots in county Wicklow. St. Kevin was, as the ballad tells us, quite as primed with virtuous intentions as the Catholic St. Senanus or the Anglican Michael Feversham. But, as Tom Moore pithily puts it—

Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do!

However, when Kathleen leaned weeping over the good man in his sleep, he suddenly woke up—

And with rude repulsive shock
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

And after the tragedy Kathleen's ghost glided about "that lake, whose gloomy shore Skylark never warbles o'er." Had "Michael and his Lost Angel" been modelled on the St. Kevin plan, with a "beetling rock," painted by Hawes Craven, a tank provided by Mr. John Douglass, a good swimmer like Miss Agnes Hewitt for the "sensation header," and a new patented Pepper's Ghost, who shall say but that the play might have been running now both in London and New York—where it has been received with solemn silence?

The patent new tank with its real water has suggested a revival at the Princess's of the good old Adelphi "Colleen Bawn." The management has had the advantage of the personal assistance of Mrs. Dion Boucicault, the original Eily O'Connor when the play was first produced in 1860, but who now takes, to the great advantage of the play, the small but important character of Mrs. Cregan, mother of the impulsive Hardress, who now falls to young Tom Terriss. Other gaps are more difficult to fill, notably Myles-na-Coppaleen and Danny Mann. It is not likely they will ever be better played than they were at the outset by Dion Boucicault and Edmund Falconer. Both were Irish to the core, the one a model Irish boy, the other a mixture of vindictiveness and soft sawder. Boucicault will rank with the best Irish comedians of the century. I never saw Tyrone Power, but he could scarcely have been better than the original Myles-na-Coppaleen, Shaun the Post, and the Shaughraun. Of Boucicault it might have been said that "he can make music wherever he goes." By-the-way, there are several speeches of singular beauty in the old "Colleen Bawn," the dialogue throughout being far better and more pointed than in most melodramas. Miss Agnes Hewitt, with her red hair as a contrast to Eily's darker tints, looks handsome and acts remarkably well, but still there is something wanting that neither tanks nor real water can supply. I fear that the missing link between the present and the past is—humour. There is plenty of show but no fun.

To the delight of all the "Gaiety Boys," as they love to call themselves, the charming Ellaline Terriss and her clever husband, Seymour Hicks, have returned from America, where their adopted cousins were very loth to part with them. Of course, they come primed with new songs, but they have neither of them lost any of the old spirits. The contribution of Miss Ellaline Terriss to the new "Shop Girl" programme is one of the popular plantation melodies or "coon" songs, called "I want yer, ma honey," which this pretty lady sings delightfully; but I wish someone could have revised it for her before she took it in hand. In the first place, as it stands it is a man's song, a ditty in which some plantation Sambo sings to his "yaller gal" at her window on the compound. In the next, some of the rhymes, or so-called rhymes, are atrocious, and make the ear ache and the blood boil. To rhyme "my lady" with "baby" is in itself a positive crime, and as it occurs in every stanza, I wonder Mr. Seymour Hicks, who is a bit of a poet and a song-writer himself, does not commit some desperate deed. But instead of doing that he had better take out his pencil and correct the text on euphonious principles. His own new songs are "The Little Mademoiselle" and "What Could a Poor Girl Do?" which he sings to the delight of ever-enthusiastic audiences. Apparently there was need, not of a flaunting Jingo song so much as of a ditty binding the Colonies with affectionate ties to the Old Country and the Queen. Mr. Colin Coop sings "Dear Mother England" with such spirit, and Mr. Coward has composed such a bright and convincing melody and refrain, that patriotism reigns here at the Gaiety as elsewhere.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, whose "Sign of the Cross" is an emphatic success, enabling him to give three matinée performances a week as well as the regular evening shows, will this week introduce to the public a new, and, from all accounts, a very clever actress in the forcible character of Berenice. This is a part, if well played, which would be worthy of the consideration of Sarah Bernhardt, unless, of course, she preferred Mercia.

WHAT IS A HACK?

BY ANDREW LANG.

In some literary journal a *hack* was defined lately as a man who writes politics on either or any side indifferently. A hack might do this, and Dr. Maginn, a famous hack of old days, is said to have done it. Whether the charge is true or not I have no means of ascertaining; but the definition, in any case, is not good—it is too narrow in one sense and too wide in another. A hack is a hired person of all work; a political hack is a wirepuller and intriguer, a busy writer and speaker and whisperer, who, in one shape or another, is paid for his services. He may serve only one side, and serve it steadily, but he is a hack for all that: he works for pay; not, like the nobler kind of politician, for love, ambition, patriotism, or what you please.

Now, by parity of reasoning, a literary hack is a writer of all work, who writes for pay, and, if he were not paid, could not write. As distinguished from a Chesterfield, or Walpole, or Gray, he accepts jobs, not, in the first place, because he likes them, but because he must. A banker like Mr. Grote, a peer like Lord Mahon, a poet like Wordsworth or Keats, or almost any poet, is not a hack, because he only works as he chooses. He is paid if he is lucky, but he does not primarily write for pay. Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Southey, Scott (in his last years), Defoe (always), Collins (unsuccessfully), were all hacks, and we of the profession need not be ashamed of them. They wrote articles, reports of speeches, translations, essays, and so forth because they needed money, not because they were fascinated disinterestedly by their themes. The "Life of Napoleon" was hack work; so was the Dictionary, so were Goldsmith's Histories, so were Southey's articles in the *Quarterly Review*. But Macaulay's essays in the *Edinburgh Review* could not be called hack work: they were spontaneous.

A great man of letters, now dead—one who held a high literary post—described himself sadly as "a dependent on literature." He was not his own master. But he defined or described a hack as one who wrote the same thing over and over again in several places, as hacks are very apt to do. Nobody can have more than a certain stock of ideas, and anyone who writes in several serials is pretty certain to conform to this definition of a hack. An author who merely repeats himself in his books, as certain philosophers do, is in a different kind of position. He has no master in the form of an editor to whom he owes originality which he cannot pay. I do not mean that reiterating certain ideas, philosophical, political, religious, is hack work. They need to be driven into the public head by repeated hammerings. But the hack repeats not only his ideas but his illustrations. Hazlitt was a hack, and his favourite illustrations, quotations, and so forth, bewray him by their reappearances. In this matter we all sin, but the sin is one of which we ought to be watchful. The hack has commonly been spoken of contemptuously, because we have not shaken off the old opinion that literature cannot be honestly or honourably plied as a profession. Our ancestors allowed only to disinterested genius a right to ply the pen: mercenary talent, however honest, was frowned upon and laughed at.

The notions of Major Pendennis, who had a hack for nephew, still exist. To be a hack, people think, is to be destitute of genius and mechanical. Yet we could easily add to our list of men of genius who were hacks, like Thackeray in his early career, like Hood, like a hundred others of honourable names. The notion is that the artist takes pleasure in his work, while the hack does not. But the hack can elevate his function by doing it with pleasure, with a zest, whatever the work may be. A man may delight, if he be happily tempered, even in making an index. To make an index is really rather enjoyable, and a good index, even, will not be compiled without enjoyment. A man may subtly enforce his own ideas or cunningly indulge his humour even in this apparently mechanical labour. A dictionary offers him still better openings. No doubt Dr. Johnson enjoyed his own dictionary. I can conceive a man writing with a zest even sermons at half-a-crown: they will scarcely be worth the half-crown if he does not. The lowly estate is also elevated by its motive, which may be the support of a family or may be the desire to find means for living and writing spontaneously. Southey wrote his articles and biographies, which were well paid, that he might be able to afford to write his poems and histories, which were probably very ill paid. The hack who would keep his self-respect must ever have on hand some spontaneous work. It may be, and probably will be, unremunerative: the world does not want a man's best thoughts, still less does it want his learning. Very likely his best thoughts are not, in fact, nearly so good or taking as his second or third best. But he does not easily resign himself to believe this, and it is well for him to put what he thinks the cream of himself into epics and treatises, which nobody buys, while his skim-milk finds a ready market. It keeps up a man's heart and self-respect, and makes him, if a hack, still not all a hack, but a soul which has its hours of freedom. And then there is always the mirage of posterity!

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A G STUBBS (Tenby).—The sui-mate is very clever, and we much regret our rule precludes it from this column. We hope to find the direct mates anything like as good.

J S WESLEY (Exeter).—(1) Mate can be given in two moves against an inferior defence without taking from the merit of the problem. (2) A close game is one where complete development precedes attack. (3) Your "new philosophy" is at any rate admirably adapted for the solution of chess problems.

J M K LUTON.—Thanks; we hope to find it up to our standard.

C W (Sunbury), W FINLAYSON (Edinburgh).—Many thanks.

A V C H (Aldershot).—Write to the British Chess Company, 118, Southampton Row, W.C.

F PROCTOR (Colchester).—If Black play 2. K to B 2nd we see no mate.

P L OSBORN.—Kindly send your problem on a diagram.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2699 received from A P (St. John, N.B.); of No. 2701 from H H (Peterborough); of No. 2702 from Alpha, J A B, J S Wesley (Exeter), T Chown, R H Brooks, F Leete (Sudbury), and C W Smith (Stroud).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2703 received from E E H, Hereward, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Dawn, R H Brooks, F James (Wolverhampton), J F Moon, F W C (Edgbaston), Castle Lea, H E Lee (Ipswich), Sorrento, H T Atterbury, R Worters (Canterbury), W R Raille, F G Hubbard, Frank R Pickering, F S Dunnett (Southend-on-Sea), J Bailey (Newark), Shadforth, W J Leeming (Baildon), Alpha, T Chown, E Loudon, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), W E James (Cardigan), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J S Wesley (Exeter), and E A Browning (Edinburgh).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2702.—By W. S. FENOLLOSA.

WHITE.
1. Kt takes K P
2. P takes Q (a Rook)
3. R takes Kt. Mate.

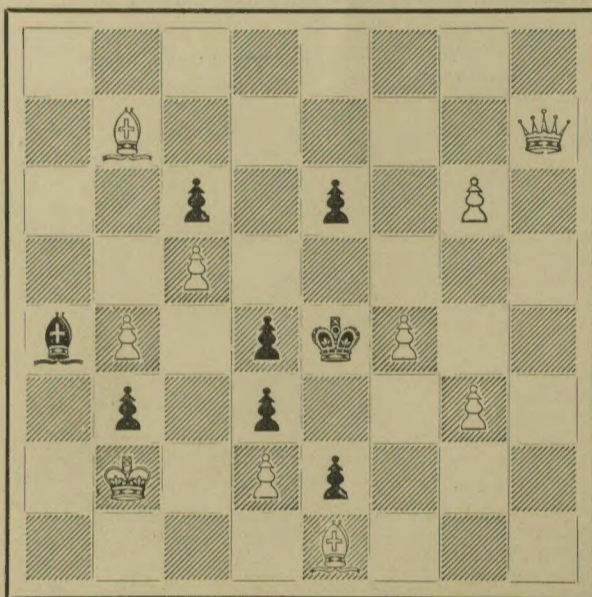
BLACK.
K to B 2nd
K moves

If Black play 1. Q takes P, 2. Kt takes Q (ch); if 1. Q to Q 2nd, 2. Kt to Q 8th (ch); and if 1. K to Q 3rd, then 2. Kt to B 4th (ch), K takes P; 3. B takes P. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2705.

By REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Game played between MESSRS. STEINITZ and LASKER.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	14. P takes P	P takes B
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	15. P takes P	P to K Kt 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. Q takes Kt P	B to Q 2nd
4. B to B 4th	B to K 2nd	17. P to B 4th	R to B 2nd
5. P to K 3rd	Castles	18. P to K Kt 4th	R to Kt 2nd
6. P to B 5th	Kt to K 5th	19. Q to R 6th	R takes P
7. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	20. B to Q 3rd	R to Kt 2nd
8. Q to B 2nd	P to B 4th	21. Kt to B 3rd	Q to B 2nd
9. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	22. P to K Kt 4th	Q R to K Ktsq
10. P to Q R 3rd	B to B 3rd	23. P to Kt 5th	B to Q sq
11. Castles	K to R sq	24. R to R 2nd	R to Kt 3rd
12. P to B 3rd	Q to K 2nd	25. Q to R 5th	R (Kt 3) to Kt 2
13. B to K Kt 3rd	P to B 5th	26. Q R to R sq	Q takes Q
14. Q takes P		27. R takes Q	R to B sq
		28. R takes P (ch)	R takes R
		29. R takes R (ch)	K to Kt sq
		30. R takes B	R to B 2nd
		31. B to B 4th	Resigns.

A new defence, which will require a good deal of support before its general adoption. Indirectly, it has a very important bearing upon Black's failure on this occasion.

In the ordinary way, P to Q Kt 3rd and B to Kt 2nd would afford a fair defence; but here B to Kt 2nd would leave the K P fatally exposed.

The commencement of some exceptionally fine play, in which both players greatly distinguish themselves. The idea, if B takes P, is P to K 4th, or even B takes Q P, followed by R takes B.

The game is a good specimen of White at his best, which is saying much. The finishing stroke is very charming.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played at the Craigside meeting between MESSRS. G. BELLINGHAM and C. DAWBARN.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q B 3rd	10. R takes B	Kt to B 4th
2. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	11. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 6th
3. P to K 5th	B to B 4th	12. R to K Kt sq	P to B 5th
4. B to K 3rd		13. Q to Q B 3rd	Q to R 4th
		14. P to Q Kt 2nd	P to Q Kt 3rd
		15. P takes P	Kt P takes P
		16. Kt to Q 2nd	P to K B 4th
		17. P takes P (en pas.)	P takes P
		18. B to B 2nd	R to K Kt sq
		19. Q takes P	
		20. Q to B 2nd	R to Kt 2nd
		21. B takes Kt	B to Q 3rd
		22. Q to R 7th	R takes B
		23. Kt takes B P and wins.	

White now gets an opening and wins in a few moves. The finish is pretty. Black wasted time by Kt to Kt 6th.

It is scarcely good enough to give away an active, well-posted piece for one out of play. But Black makes way for Kt to

The latest addition to the metropolitan chess clubs is the "Courts Chess Club," the members of which are mostly connected with the Law Courts. Mr. Justice Kekewich's name appears as president; the secretary is Mr. G. Walpole, of 94, Chancery Lane. At the first meeting an interesting exhibition of simultaneous play was given by two prominent members, Mr. W. S. Fazan and Mr. B. G. Laws, each of whom took a number of boards.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The other day it was announced that the Sea-Serpent was dead. The proper heading to the newspaper paragraph would have been "Death of a Sea-Serpent"; but the incident is worth notice, because it confirms in a very remarkable manner a suggestion of mine made in these pages—that in many cases of this kind a big cuttlefish of the *Loligo* kind or squid type might be the animal masquerading under the guise of the "Great Unknown of the Deep." The newspaper comments on the find of the North of Scotland fishermen in this case are very far astray. Not one of them seems to have hit upon the remarkable testimony of the fishermen to the identity of the big floating carcass which they encountered. What the fishermen said was that the animal had a tail like the blades of a screw-propeller. Now this is an exact description, from the popular point of view, of the tail of a squid. The tail fin as nearly as possible resembles the propeller-blades in shape. No feature in all the animal could possibly have been selected with better results in the way of identification than the tail-fin, which is characteristic of the squid type of cuttlefish. This tail is wanting in the *Octopus* type, in which the body is rounded, and it is also wanting in the *Sepia* type. The squids are often cast up on our coasts, and are much in request by fishermen for bait. I believe they form the greater part of the bait used in Newfoundland at the cod-fishery, and it was off that coast many years ago that giant squids were first met with.

There happens also to have come to hand another very suggestive piece of information regarding cuttle-fish life. The Prince of Monaco, it is known, is an enthusiastic scientist, and makes deep-sea exploration a hobby. His yacht, the *Princesse Alice*, was present at the capture of a sperm whale on July 18 last, and the whale, when killed, was towed by the yacht to El Negrito. The examination of the whale revealed certain interesting particulars regarding its food. M. Richard noted on its lips the impressions of the suckers of the arms of big cuttlefishes, on which it would appear the sperm-whale chiefly feeds. In the act of death the whale, captured as above noted, ejected from its mouth several large cuttlefishes which it had just swallowed, this latter fact being attested by the perfect state of preservation in which the prey appeared. At the same time, the bodies of two other "immense cephalopods" were secured; and on opening the whale's stomach, about one hundred kilos' weight of partially digested cuttles was found. All of these cuttlefishes are described as "of enormous size"; and some of them were of rare species, little known to science, and not often met with. In one specimen the arms are described as as thick as those of a man, and the suckers were armed each with a big claw like that of a lion or tiger.

Of the two cuttlefishes which were procured, one—a female—after being shrunk by preservation in alcohol, measures, as regards its body alone, ninety centimetres in length, its total length being calculated at two metres, which is decidedly much larger than the ordinary specimens met with, though not rivaling in size the giants found in the deep and occasionally representing the sea-serpents of the sailor. The tail-fin is very big in these new specimens, and forms one half of the length of the body. It is not scaly, although the body is covered with scales. Now this latter character is a new feature in cuttlefish structure; and, as the descriptions of sea-serpents often contain details referring to the scales with which the unknown animal was covered, I regard this point as of great interest in supporting my views that the cuttles are frequently mistaken for the marine snakes. There was another cuttle found in the whale's stomach which possessed light-producing organs on the skin covering its big tail-fin. The sperm-whale, it seems, lives entirely on species of cuttlefishes, which are practically unknown to us, powerful swimmers, and inhabiting "deep intermediate waters." They do not come to the surface as a habit, nor do they grope about on the sea-bed. Hence we are brought face to face with a group of cuttlefish species new to science, probably including giants among its members, and in every way adapted by their occasional appearances on the sea surface to represent the sea-serpents of the constantly recurring stories.

The recent announcement that photographs of objects contained in wooden cases could be taken with success by the use of a particular kind of light has naturally aroused great interest. Professor Röntgen, of Würzburg, was the first to use Crooke's tube as the light-producing agency, and Professor Klupathy, of Pesth, has repeated the experiments of Dr. Röntgen. Pictures were obtained on a dry photographic plate enclosed in a wooden box, and other objects were photographed after enclosure in wood and after wrapping them up in other materials. The bones of the human hand have been photographed from the living body, the light being absorbed by metals and bones but passing through wood, muscles, and other substances.

It appears that Dr. Röntgen sent rays of the new light through fairly thick aluminium plates and through two sets of books, including many volumes. These objects were placed between the Crooke's tube and a compass. Behind was the wooden case holding a dry plate. The compass was perfectly photographed, as if, indeed, the plate had been exposed before it directly and without the intervention of any objects, to say nothing of the two sets of books. There are no lenses used in this process, so that the photograph of the compass is a positive and not a negative; and it seems no fixation or permanency of such a photograph has yet been attained. But the experiments are very wonderful nevertheless. They open possibilities of further investigation regarding the penetrating powers of light waves of different kinds; and one seems to see in such details an explanation of certain mysterious photographic vagaries hitherto inexplicable, and possibly also of certain results attained by spiritualistic tricksters who evolve spirit-photographs and like objects. As in other cases, time may be found to bring these mysteries, so called, within the sphere of explicable science.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen and Princess Beatrice, at Osborne House, since they received on Wednesday morning, Jan. 22, the afflicting news of the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, the husband of her Royal Highness, have been mourning their sad loss, which will long be felt in the royal family, but have not suffered in health. The telegram from the War Office informing her Majesty that the Prince had died on Monday evening, on board H.M.S. *Blonde*, which ship was then at sea on the voyage from Cape Coast Castle to Madeira, but had just, on the Wednesday morning, arrived with his dead body at Sierra Leone, was put into the Queen's hands at breakfast-time on that day. Of course the Queen and the Princess with the Duke of Connaught, who was staying at Osborne, did not go out, as had been arranged, to the East Terrace at noon, to see the Flying Squadron pass across the bay; the ships remained at anchor in the roads at Spithead. During several days that followed messages of condolence were almost hourly received from persons of the highest rank in our own and in foreign countries, from the friends and acquaintance of the royal family, and from many corporations, municipalities, County Councils, parish vestries, and public institutions at their meetings in the metropolis and in other cities or towns, expressing regret and sympathy.

On the second day, Thursday afternoon, the Queen went out with the Duchess of Connaught for her usual drive in the grounds of Osborne. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein came to visit her that day; Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, was the next of the Queen's daughters to be with her; and the Prince of Wales came on Saturday, when arrangements were made for the funeral to take place at Whippingham Church, Isle of Wight, as soon as possible after the body of the Prince should arrive in England. His elder surviving brother, Prince Louis of Battenberg, husband of the Queen's granddaughter, Princess Victoria of Hesse, arrived from Malta; a younger brother, Prince Francis, came last week, and the only sister, the Countess von Erwin-Schönbach, is daily expected in England. In short, none of the royal family and those connected with them who were at all within reach of Osborne have failed personally to show their concern in the bereavement that has suddenly distressed the island home of our Queen and of the comparatively young widowed Princess, so long her Majesty's constant companion, now placed in a like situation peculiar to womanhood deprived of the supporting intimacy of happy married life. Princess Beatrice, indeed, with her four young children to care for, and with such abundant tokens of the loving esteem and tender compassion of all near and far thinking of her, does not weakly yield to her grief. She left the house on Friday and Saturday for an hour or two, and went with her brother the Duke of Connaught to the neighbouring church, where she was wedded in July 1885, to choose a site for her husband's grave. It was at first expected that the funeral would be at Windsor, and would be performed with full military pomp, as for an officer of the Army who had died while on active service. But Prince Henry had left a will, expressing a desire that he should be interred at Whippingham. If his body, now transferred to H.M.S. *Blenheim*, be landed at Portsmouth on Tuesday, Feb. 4, the final ceremony may take place next day. Some representation of the naval and military services will be provided; and it will be attended by the Princes and Princesses, if not by the Queen, and by distinguished persons coming on behalf of foreign Courts.

In the meantime her Majesty seems to have resumed the ordinary habits of her daily life at Osborne, driving out every day, and disposing of her regular correspondence, with the answers to special messages, telegrams, and letters upon this occasion. The Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Osborne on Monday, and Princess Christian on Tuesday, when the Duchess of Albany—three widows in the royal family!—came to stay with the Queen and Princess Henry.

A Cabinet Council was held on Friday. It is believed that Ministers have been considering the propriety of referring to arbitration—as Lord Salisbury, in his reply to the American Secretary of State in November, expressed his willingness—a portion of the disputed territorial claims of Venezuela on the frontier of British Guiana, inviting Venezuela to direct negotiations. The rumours of a separate treaty between Russia and Turkey, which are but partially denied, only so far as they affirmed its purport to be similar to that of the treaty of 1833, signed at Unkiar Skelessi, making Turkey a mere dependency of Russia, are likely to complete the paralysis of the European concerted diplomatic action upon the Armenian question. Parliament will meet on Tuesday, Feb. 11, for the business of the session. The bye-elections are proceeding; at Belfast, on Jan. 22, Sir James Haslett, the Conservative candidate, was returned by a majority of 169 votes over

Mr. Adam Turner; for the South St. Pancras division of London on Tuesday, the Liberal Unionist, Mr. Herbert Jessel, polled 2631 against 1375 for Mr. G. Montague Harris; the Hon. Evelyn Hubbard, Conservative, is opposed by Mr. Nunn, Radical, at Brixton; Lichfield and Southampton also will be contested. Among the pending judicial inquiries into past elections, that of Lancaster has confirmed the seat of Colonel Foster, the Conservative member, with Mr. Baron Pollock's emphatic declaration that there was no evidence of corruption. Speeches more or less political, but in no strong partisan spirit, have been made by several of our statesmen; the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Salisbury, talking rather of military administration, but at Chelsea of the government of India; the Duke of Devonshire (in a letter to the dinner given to Lord James at the Holborn Restaurant) recommending that the Liberal Unionist Party be maintained; Sir Charles Hall addressing the Holborn Conservative Association; Mr. Mundella, at Goldsmiths' Hall, urging the need of technical schools; and Sir Henry Fowler, at Wolverhampton, praising Mr. Chamberlain's wise, prompt, and successful management of the crisis in the Transvaal. On Tuesday the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, addressed the Yorkshire Conservative Associations at Leeds.

The strike of the Belfast engineers and iron ship-builders was understood to have been terminated by their consent to resume work on Monday last, but it was on Tuesday the engineers actually did so. All the shipbuilding yards, iron-foundries, and engineers' workshops on the Clyde were busy on that day, with as much to be done as will give them employment for the next two years.

Little further news of importance from South Africa could be expected since the return of Sir Hercules Robinson from Pretoria to Capetown; the consignment of

garrison was closely besieged, has been compelled to surrender by the want of water to drink. The garrison, with arms, ammunition, and baggage, were allowed to march out and go free.

The newly appointed Spanish Governor and military commander of Cuba, General Weyler, superseding Marshal Martinez Campos, has sailed with additional troops for that island, the greater part of which is still in the possession of the rebels, now threatening the city of Havana.

At Ekaterinoslav, a town in the south-eastern part of Russia, on Jan. 20, the Kopylov Circus theatre was destroyed by a fire which broke out during a children's afternoon performance, and more than fifty lives were lost.

OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

SECOND NOTICE.

The *salle d'honneur* at Burlington House contains some of the masterpieces of our great artists, and not a few fine works ascribed with more or less accuracy to those of other countries. Two fine specimens of Titian—a landscape (106), and the artist with his friend and patron Franceschini (108), or, more correctly, Paolo de' Franceschi, Grand Chancellor of Venice, doubtless deserve the name attached to them. Both belong to her Majesty; and the latter, which now forms part of the Windsor collection, is said to have been acquired by Charles I. Similarly, the two unfinished sketches, "Diana" (99) and "The Doge in Prayer" (103), lent by Mr. Ruskin, may be safely assigned to Tintoretto, and, although incomplete, they convey an excellent idea of that great master's method. With regard to the other works of the same school, the aims which inspired the two Palmas, Masaccio, and Tintoretto were so often

the same that it is not surprising if at this distance of time their respective works should be difficult to distinguish. The two fine landscapes by Claude, lent by the Duke of Westminster, known as "The Sermon on the Mount" (104) and "The Worship of the Golden Calf" (109), are two of the largest pictures painted by that artist. Their charm lies in the soft atmosphere by which both are suffused; but to some eyes the crowded figures will mar the restful sense of enjoyment which Claude's works produce. Of the three pictures attributed to Velasquez, the portrait of the little Don Balthazar Carlos (115), the son of Philip IV. of Spain, lent by Lady Wallace, is, unfortunately, so disfigured by time or rough usage as to moderate our enthusiasm; whilst neither of the other two carries full internal proof of authenticity. The Murillos and Vandykes are good in their way, but not of very great distinction. The place of honour this year, with curious taste, has been assigned to a portrait of George Washington (95), by an American artist, Gilbert Stuart, a pupil of Benjamin West, who painted at least 750 pictures in his lifetime, and among them some half-dozen of the first President of the United States. Of

these the best likeness was that in the full-length picture belonging to Lord Lansdowne; but whether this version, lent by Lord Rosebery, comes from that collection, or whether it is one of the numerous replicas executed by Stuart, we do not pretend to know. Gilbert Stuart was a portrait-painter of undoubted ability, "whose epigrammatic remarks were remembered rather from the bitterness of their sting than from their justice and truth." As a painter he was painstaking and laborious, as the public galleries of the United States bear witness; and from his work we gather that the founders of American freedom were, happily, not averse to having their portraits handed down to posterity. Washington's portrait is flanked by two of the best of Gainsborough's landscapes—"The Harvest Waggon" (94) and a cattle piece (96), and these, again, by distinctive full-length figures, Lady Holland (93), by Romney, and Lady Bellamont (97), by Reynolds, in which the superior refinement and grace of the latter are not for a moment in question. Elsewhere the contest cannot be said to be renewed, for the two family groups of the Capel (121) and Fox-Strangways (127) families put all work but the President's own at a disadvantage, and Constable and Turner are left to compete for supremacy in landscape in their strongly contrasted styles.

The Primitives, who occupy, as usual, the fourth gallery, are not very important, except to connoisseurs of this period of art. Holbein's portrait of Sir Thomas More (138) towers above all its surroundings in dignity and perfect workmanship; whilst the black chalk drawing of a Holy Family (166) by Leonardo da Vinci fascinates by its perfectly harmonious lines. The portraits of Masters of the Merchant Taylors' Company are interesting as showing at what an early period the City Guilds patronised art; and many of the works lent by Mr. Charles Butler, Mr. R. H. Benson, Mr. C. L. Eastlake, and others, show what rewards may attend those who diligently and intelligently devote their leisure to picture-hunting at home and abroad.



Governor Maxwell.

Quantabissah.

Interpreter.

ASHANTI EXPEDITION: GOVERNOR MAXWELL INTERVIEWING QUANTABISSAH, THE FRIENDLY KING OF DUNKWA.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

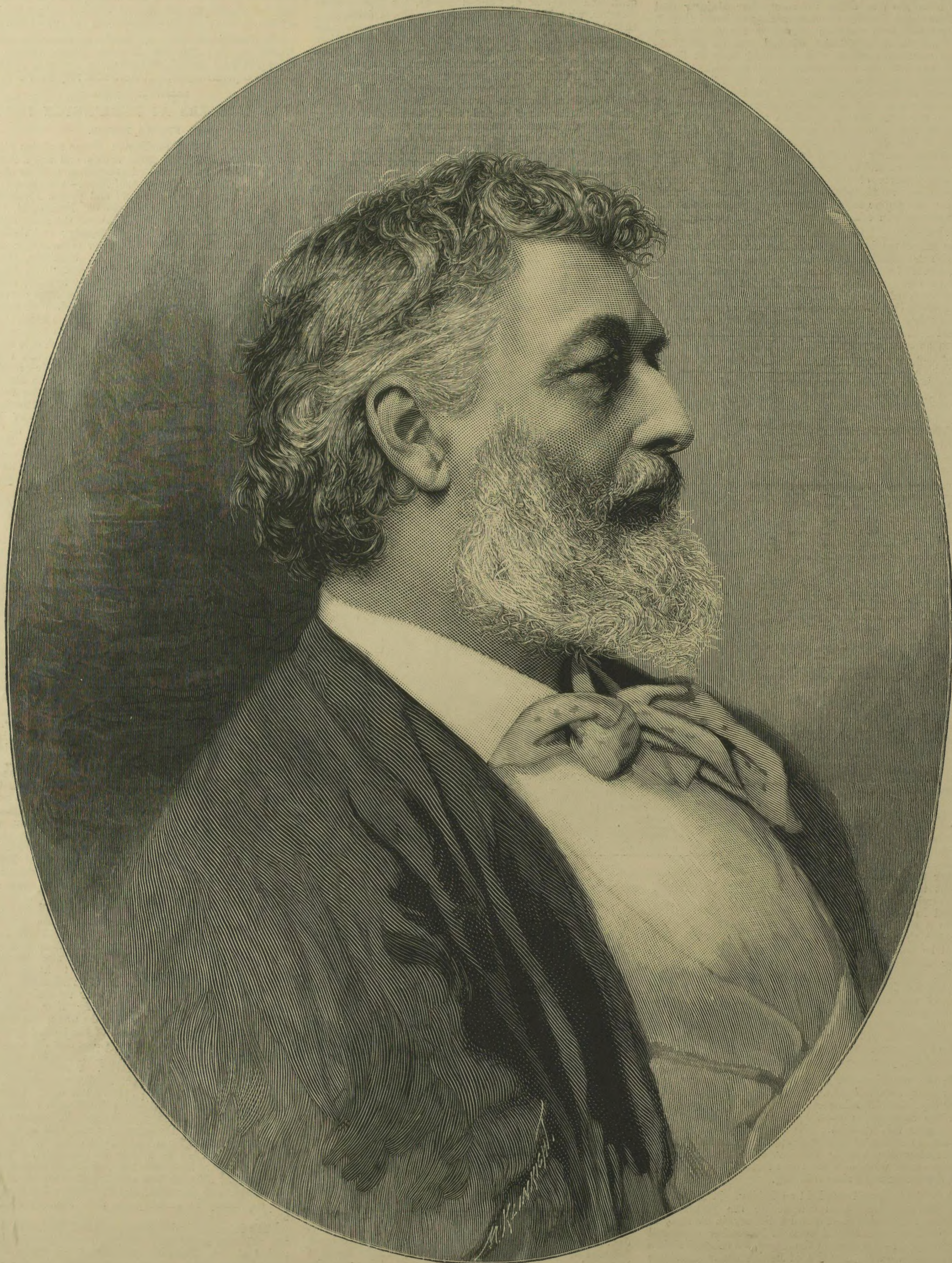
Dr. Jameson and his comrades by President Krüger to the Governor of Natal, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, for removal to England, sailing on Jan. 22 in the transport *Victoria*; and the admission to bail of all the Johannesburg prisoners except five—Mr. Lionel Phillips, Colonel F. Rhodes, Mr. John Hays Hammond, Mr. C. Leonard, and another—leading members of the Reform Union.

Nor is there much now to be added to last week's intelligence of the end of the Ashanti Expedition, but that the British troops, with Sir F. Scott, Governor Maxwell, Prince Christian Victor, and the staff, are returning to Cape Coast Castle bringing their captive, the deposed King Prempeh, his mother and his uncles, to be detained at Elmina, a neighbouring town and fortress; while Major Pigott, as Resident Commissioner, has to stay at Coomassie with a sufficient force of Houssas, and to organise some administration or superintendence of the Ashanti country. The two brothers Ansah will be tried for forging Prempeh's signature.

A disastrous coal-gas explosion, causing great loss of life, took place early on Monday morning at the Tylorstown colliery, in the Rhondda district of Glamorganshire. The number of men killed is reckoned at fifty-six.

The German Emperor William's birthday—he is thirty-eight—was celebrated at the Court of Berlin on Monday, Jan. 27, with a State religious service at the Palace Chapel, followed in the evening by a State banquet; the Kings of Württemberg and Saxony, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, and other German Princes and Princesses were among the guests, with those of the Prussian royal family.

The Italian army of "Erythria," as the East African territory on the Red Sea adjacent to Abyssinia is now called, has not yet fought the expected great battle in Tigré with the army of King Menelek of Shoa, the Negus or Emperor of Abyssinia. The fortress of Makaleh, near Adigerat, in which Colonel Galliano with an Italian

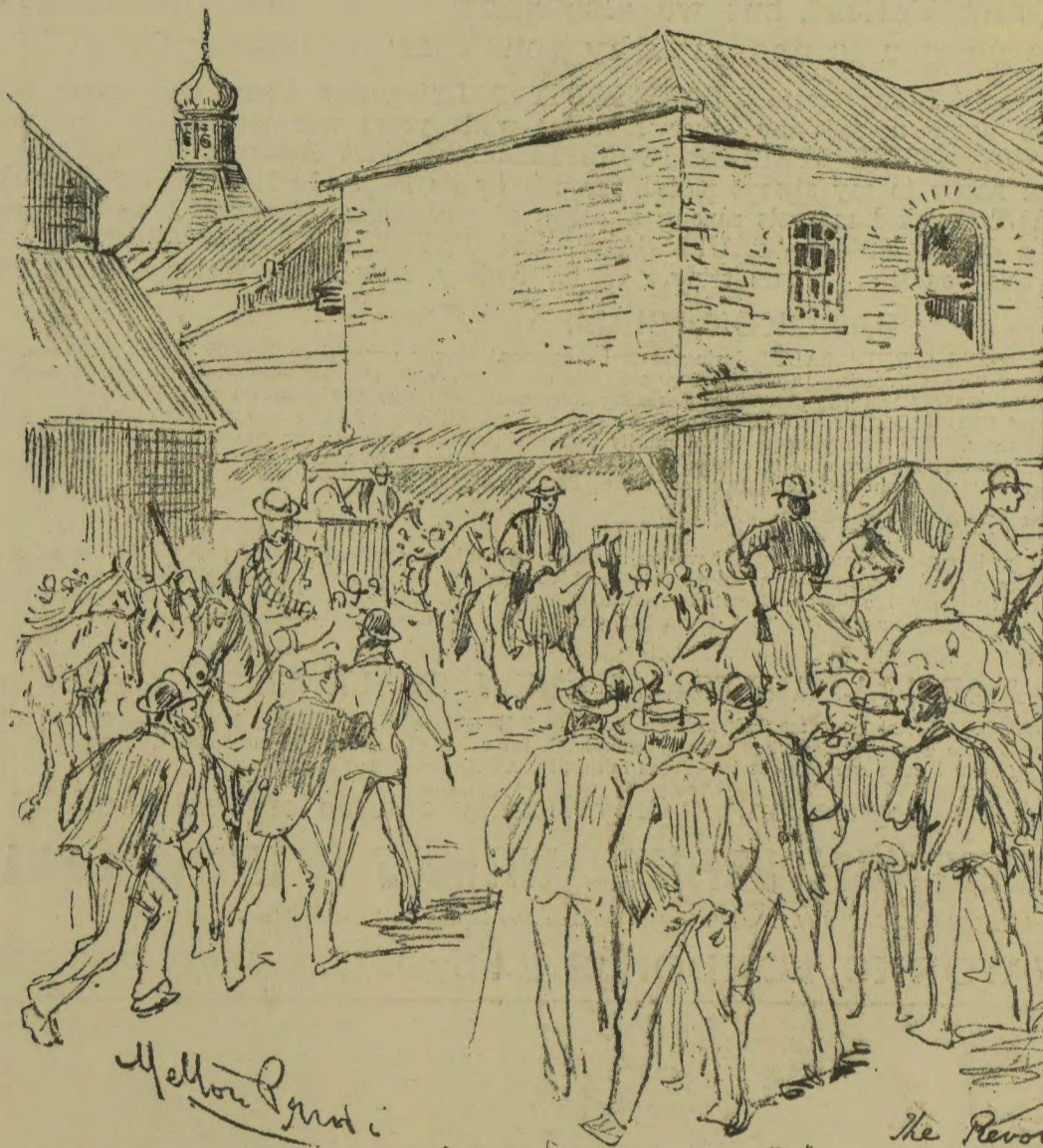


BORN DEC. 3, 1830.

DIED JAN. 25, 1896.

THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Our Special Artists in Africa



The Revolution in Johannesburg
Arming the Volunteers—



H. C. Soppings Wright.

NATURE'S REVOLT. FEVER STRICKEN!!!

THE GOLDFIELDS.

How quickly Nature falls into Revolt when Gold becomes her object!—Shakspeare.

In Life's Play the Player of the Other Side is Hidden from us. We know that his Play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to our Cost that he Never Overlooks a Mistake. It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.—Huxley.

"I may say that for over ten years I have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' pretty freely, and, under trying conditions of life and climate, have never needed any other Medicine while yours was procurable. In tropical Queensland and the TERRIBLY HOT FEVER-STRICKEN GOLDFIELDS of West Australia I have put my faith solely in Old 'ENO,' and I am happy to say always pulled through by its help. In New Guinea—A NOTED FEVER SPOT—ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' worked marvels among a party of gold-miners of which I was the leader. Every morning we religiously took a dose of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and FEVER LOST ITS TERRORS. You are at liberty to make any use of this you like. Yours truly, 'W. S.,' Sydney, New South Wales, Nov. 27, 1895."

BANGKOK, SIAM.

"We have for the last four years used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' two or three times a day. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' acts as a genial aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. Loftus, his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam."

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.

EGYPT, CAIRO.—"Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever; on the first occasion I lay in hospital six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND.

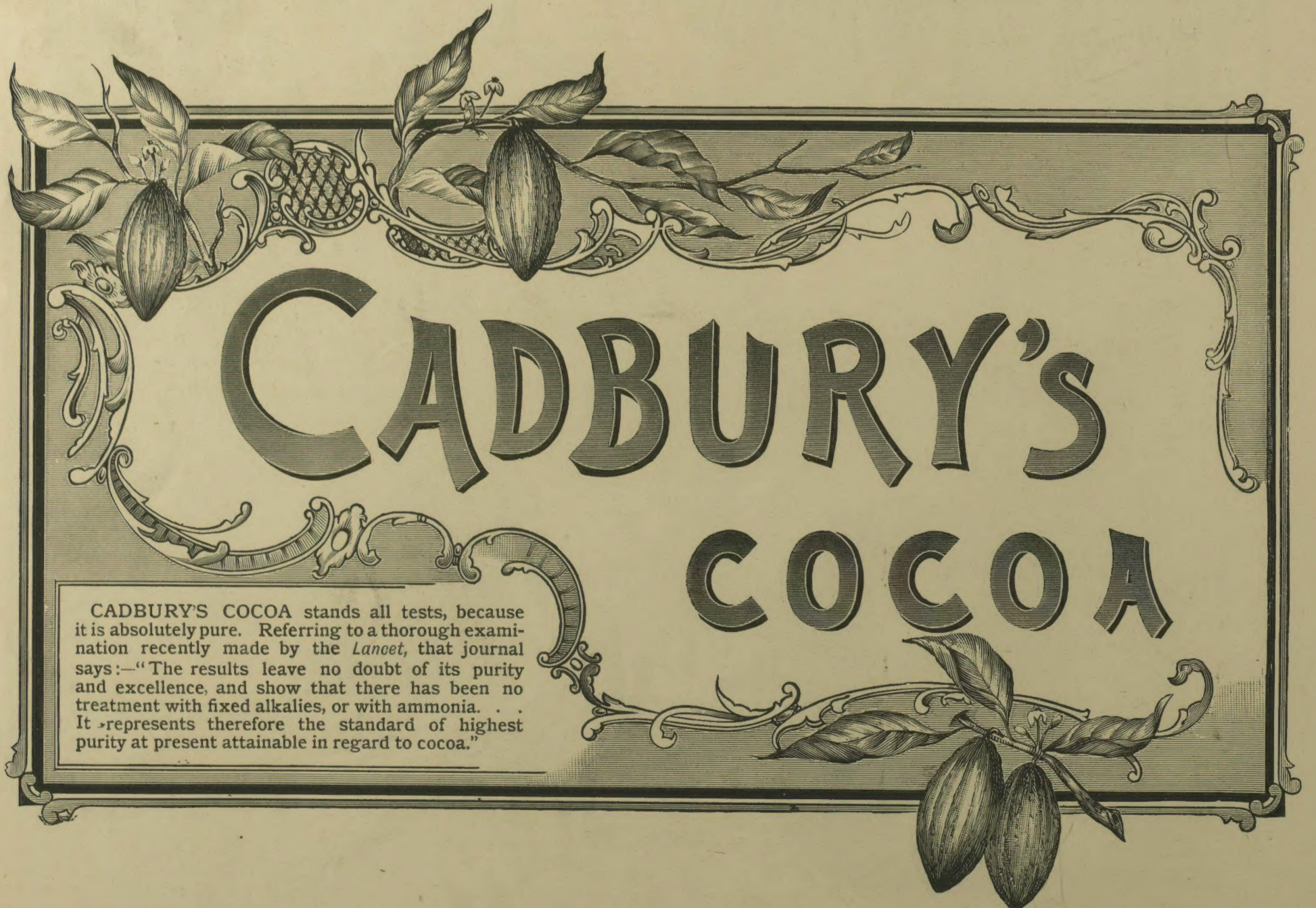
IMPORTANT TO ALL TRAVELLERS.—"Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have tried ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in America, India, Egypt, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all Travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully, AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL."

Only Truth can give True Reputation. Only Reality can be of Real Profit.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE. WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Prepared only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



CADBURY'S

COCOA

CADBURY'S COCOA stands all tests, because it is absolutely pure. Referring to a thorough examination recently made by the *Lancet*, that journal says:—"The results leave no doubt of its purity and excellence, and show that there has been no treatment with fixed alkalies, or with ammonia. . . . It represents therefore the standard of highest purity at present attainable in regard to cocoa."

THE TROUBLE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

About three weeks have passed since we received the first startling news of the extraordinary events in the Transvaal; and for many days the telegraph was regularly communicating to London official dispatches from her Majesty's High Commissioner in South Africa, reporting whatever occurred after the defeat of Dr. Jameson's expedition. Yet we are still imperfectly informed of the real origin and character of the local disturbance at Johannesburg, and of the manner in which the administrator of the British South Africa Company's territories was induced to proceed with an armed force to a field of action so far out of the range of his appointed duties. At the present time, Dr. Jameson and the officers who served under him are on their way to England, while the leading members of the "National Reform Union" at Johannesburg are there awaiting their trial for an alleged treasonable conspiracy to overthrow the lawful Government of that Republican State. It is right that we should be cautious and scrupulous in accepting statements to their prejudice, while no authorised or responsible person on their behalf has yet made public the explanation or account of their

Africa, the descendants of those who emigrated from Holland over two centuries ago. Their independence as a State, with full power to frame and amend their internal Constitution, was formally recognised in 1854, and was again secured by the Convention of 1884; it could not justly be abolished or infringed by an act of imperial power.

The principal grievance of the foreigners residing in the Transvaal, whose claims are represented by the "National Reform Union," appears to be the restrictions upon their admission to a share of political power in the Republican Government. The Constitution is thus described in Mr. John Noble's "Official Handbook of South Africa." There are two legislative bodies, each of twenty-four members—the First Volksraad and the Second Volksraad. Persons of foreign birth are not excluded from either; but the members of the First Volksraad must belong to some Protestant church, and must be owners of landed property, and must have been citizens or "burghers" of the Republic fifteen years. They are elected by all who acquired burgher rights before 1890. The members of the Second Volksraad must have been two years enfranchised

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

The sketches by Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, our Special Artist, who went out on board the *Loanda* to Cape Coast Castle to accompany the military expedition to Coomassie, are necessarily of an earlier date than the actual march of the British troops and Houssa armed police, under the command of Colonel Sir Francis Scott, into the Ashanti territory beyond the river Prah. One of the most interesting features in the composition of this well-chosen mixed force, which appears to be a model of judicious arrangement for service in the West African climate, was the employment of the 2nd Battalion of the West India Regiment of negroes. These are fine, robust, intelligent men, born in the West Indies, and are well-trained soldiers under English officers, one battalion of the regiment being usually stationed at Sierra Leone. They came on board the *Loanda* at that port for conveyance to Cape Coast Castle, in good time to join the force collected there under the command of Sir Francis Scott, whose staff, including his Royal Highness Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein and his Royal Highness Prince Henry of Battenberg, were soon busied with preparations for an



THE TROUBLE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

conduct which is to be expected for the judgment to be formed upon it. Whether such a conspiracy actually existed—whether the grievances complained of under President Krüger's Government, or rather, under the political constitution of the Republic, were sufficiently pressing to excuse a forcible revolt on the part of the "Uitlanders," or foreign residents—whether Dr. Jameson was deceived and misled by some of these with a view to obtain the assistance of his police troops, under the belief that the people at Johannesburg were in danger of massacre, or of cruel ill-treatment, are questions for judicial investigation, or for the consideration of our own Government. On the other hand, it would be injurious to the friendly relations that ought to exist between the different British and Dutch communities in South Africa, including not only the Transvaal, but also the Orange Free State, besides the large proportion of Dutch subjects of our Queen in the Cape Colony, if we hastily gave credence to exaggerated and distorted partisan representations.

The case for the Johannesburg Reformers ought to be temperately and precisely set forth at the proper time, without any bitter wholesale vituperation of the Boers, who are simply plain, homely Dutch colonial agriculturists or cattle-breeders, owning their large paternal estates, men of the same class that dwells in other parts of South

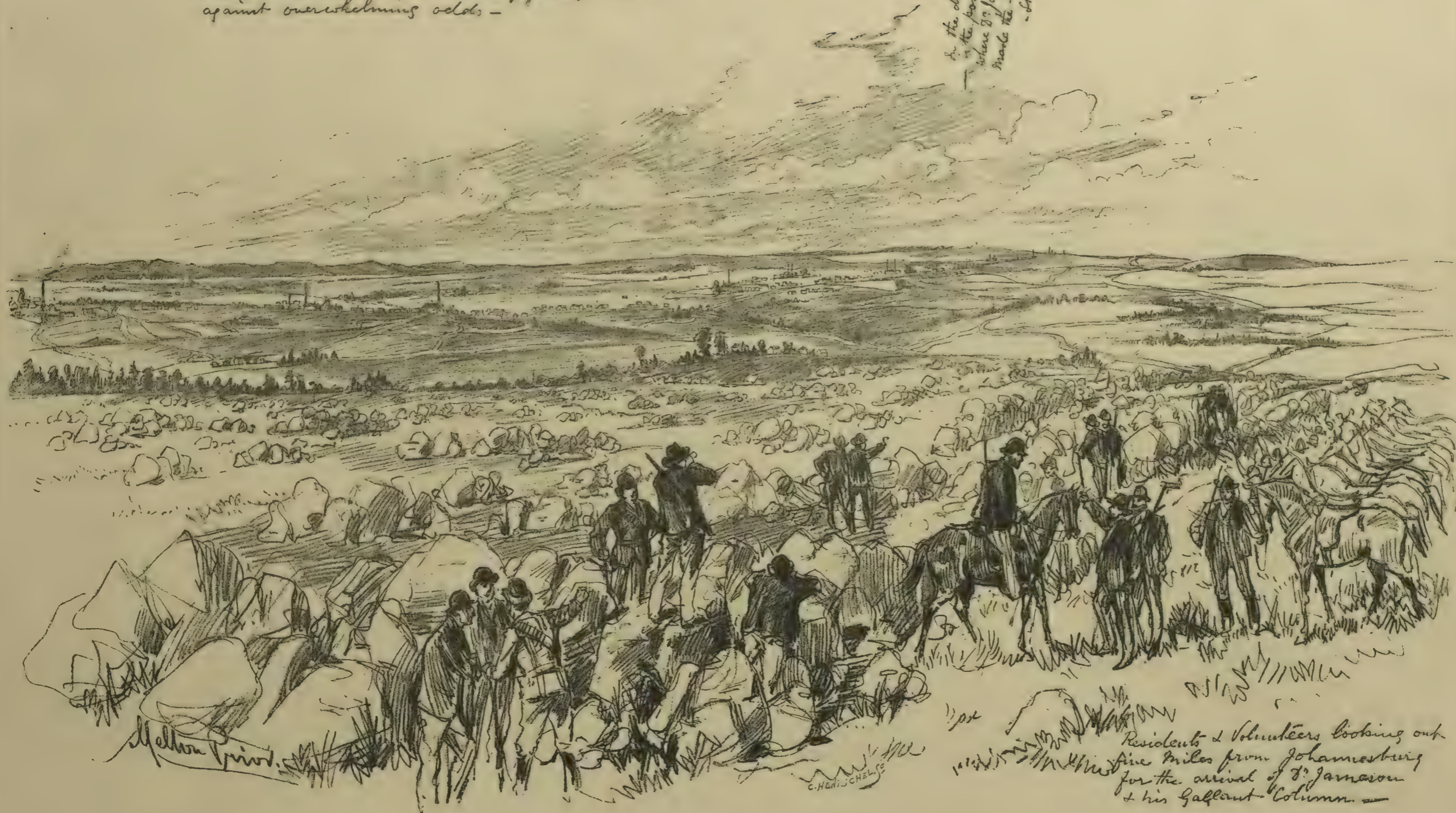
burghers, and must also be Protestants and owners of landed property. After ten years, in addition, persons of this class become eligible for the First Volksraad, which elects the members of the Executive Council, but the President is elected by the votes of all the burghers.

Our Illustrations, supplied by the sketches received from Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist at Johannesburg, represent scenes and incidents already narrated, concisely but accurately enough, from the telegraphic news day by day, in our publications of Jan. 11 and Jan. 18, stating what happened at the approach of Dr. Jameson, with his troopers, on the road to that town. One week, from Tuesday, Dec. 31, to Tuesday, Jan. 7, comprised the events of this crisis, with the settlement effected by the good offices of Sir Hercules Robinson at Pretoria, acting under direct instructions from the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies. It was on the last day of the year that Dr. Jameson fought with the Boers at Krügersdorp, and he surrendered to them next day, after his second fight, near Doornkop. Seven days afterwards, President Krüger's promise to deliver the prisoners, as British subjects, to the custody of their own Government was acknowledged by a message of thanks from her Majesty; and in the meantime the disaffected party at Johannesburg had peaceably submitted to the authorities of the Transvaal.

immediate advance up the country. In landing the stores and ammunition at Cape Coast Castle assistance was rendered by detachments of the crews of several vessels of the Royal Navy, belonging to the squadron at Capetown, whose commander, Rear-Admiral Rawson, brought his flag up to the west coast upon this occasion. A sad service, which no one could then have expected, was that to be performed by one of those ships, *H.M.S. Blonde*, on Friday, Jan. 17, in taking Prince Henry of Battenberg, ill as he was of the West African fever, with his medical attendant, for conveyance to Madeira, and when he had died on the voyage, landing him at Sierra Leone. Another lamented death, from the same malady, is that of Major Ferguson, at Prahu, where the Prince also was laid prostrate by that disease; and nearly a hundred men in this expedition have suffered from it more or less. The town of Cape Coast Castle is not so very unhealthy; and the lively scenes on the beach, and in the street, or in the courtyards of the Government buildings, while all the bustle of preparation was going on, with an incidental mutiny among the native carriers, and the arrival of a local tribal chief, Mauli Bussah, attended by his sword-bearer and other State officials, with a grand umbrella held over his head, to do homage to the British Governor, were amusing sights on the days before the march began.

The people of Johannesburg were told:
 Dr. Jameson & his men were coming in when it
 must have been known he was fighting hard -
 against overwhelming odds -

In the distance
 is the position
 where Dr. Jameson
 made the last
 stand.



Residents & Volunteers looking out
 five miles from Johannesburg
 for the arrival of Dr. Jameson
 & his Gallant Column.



THE TROUBLE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

One day the home of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the famous French naturalist, became a perfect pandemonium. Every room was turned upside down, except the study of the master of the house. Madame St. Hilaire had lost a most valuable diamond necklace, but she instructed the servants not to mention the loss to her husband, lest the knowledge of it should disturb him in his work. Moreover, the missing bauble could not be there, inasmuch as she rarely entered that sanctum. The search proved in vain, but the great savant was still left in ignorance.

Fortunately, a few days later, at Madame St. Hilaire's weekly "at home," one of her female friends sympathetically inquired after the ornament in the hearing of her host. In the most airy but withal most unaffected way, the great naturalist remarked that his favourite baboon had been playing for nearly a week with a "similar thing to that described," which "similar thing" turned out to be the priceless ornament. Both Madame

For diamonds are incontestably the primary cause of all this mischief, which is and will be much more widespread in its consequences than the ordinary observer at present suspects. I am not alluding to the political complications Dr. Jameson's act may entail; that is no concern of mine; nor need I linger on the painful awakening in store for many who have been inveigled—decoyed would be as good a word to use—into rash speculation because nature happens to have stored in certain parts of Africa bits of petrified or vitrified wood which, when polished, minister to the vanity of women and the greed of men—nay, minister to the vanity of the latter also, for a husband is often more proud of the diamonds his wife displays round her neck and arms and on her head than he is of the wife herself. If they are heirlooms they attest, if not his ancient lineage, at any rate the wealth of his immediate forebears; if they are recent purchases they testify to his successful business operations.

And what, we would ask, is the degree of woman's gratification at being thus decked out? If the truth were

I have said nothing about the fear of the lion who prowls about in the shape of the burglar on the part of the possessor of diamonds, because a mere enumeration of the crimes connected with the abstraction of diamonds, from that of Colonel Blood to that of the undiscovered despoilers of Mrs. Langtry, would lead me too far afield. The whole of the above is, however, merely the shady side of the question. Is there a bright side to it? I am not prepared to say. Within my time I have seen a city like Amsterdam rise to prosperity only equalled by that of Johannesburg. The prosperity of Amsterdam is mainly due to the traffic in and polishing of diamonds. Twenty thousand of the lowliest and poorest of Jewish artisans, who between the cessation of the yield from the Brazil and the discovery of the African diamond-fields practically had not known where to get a crust of bread, let alone a decent meal, from one day to another, were suddenly lifted to affluence, and for several years Amsterdam resounded with song and dance. Wholly new quarters sprang up: they were built with the money earned by the Jewish diamond-cleavers, cutters, and polishers, who, in



THE TROUBLE IN THE TRANSVAAL: MESSENGER WITH NEWS OF DR. JAMESON'S DEFEAT RESTING AT CHAPMAN'S STORE ON THE ROAD TO JOHANNESBURG.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

St. Hilaire and especially her familiars of her own sex indignantly protested at M. St. Hilaire's neglect in not having taken the necklace from the animal. "I thought that it belonged to him," was the calm reply, "he seemed to take such pride in it." St. Hilaire had lived so long with animals, he had become so thoroughly used to and engrossed with their habits and idiosyncrasies, that he failed to see anything incongruous in a monkey possessing a diamond necklace.

I have no doubt that a great many of my female readers will call Geoffroy St. Hilaire a boor, a Goth, a Vandal, a Philistine, and many other names equally uncomplimentary; and though I would not imitate them in that respect, I am inclined to think that diamond necklaces have a higher mission than the adorning of our distant relations according to Darwin and others. At the same time, one cannot help regretting that diamond necklaces, earrings, diadems, bracelets, tiaras, and the like, should be mainly responsible for the troubled period we have traversed within the last few weeks. But for that insensate craving of the nicer portion of civilised humanity for those glittering toys, the Transvaal would at this moment be probably less prosperous than it is, but unquestionably less disturbed.

known, practically none. Given two equally beautiful women, the one smothered in diamonds, the other wearing absolutely none, the feeling of physical and plastic and statuesque superiority will not lie with the walking jeweller's shop, although—and this may be deemed paradoxical—the pride of victory of her rival will be considerably diminished by the absence of such trinkets, unless she be the superiorly mentally endowed woman of whom we so often read and hear, but whom, though I go out a great deal, I have never met. Nor have I as yet seen a truly beautiful woman whose beauty was enhanced in the least by the display of a small ransom in the shape of diamonds; equally, I have until now never seen an ugly woman whose ugliness was in the least diminished by a similar ransom. On a more or less mahogany neck a *rivière* of diamonds looks like a bit of Valenciennes insertion in a bass doormat; on an ill-shaped head a tiara looks like a brass knocker on a pig-stye. Nay, more, I have never met with an ugly woman who would not willingly exchange her diamonds for even a fair amount of good looks; I have never seen a good-looking woman who would not willingly barter—if it were possible—her good looks for a handful of diamonds. Philosophers may attempt to explain this; I should be sorry indeed as much as to try.

addition to saving some of their earnings, literally flung their money about.

The prosperity did not last. Causes which I know but too well, but cannot reveal here for many reasons, put a stop to this almost unexampled period of abundance. The new quarters remain, but little of the house property is left in the hands of the original owners. The poverty of the diamond-workers in Amsterdam may not be so striking as it was in the days before the South African diamond-fields, but it is more bitter, more acute, for nearly all the men who suffer have seen better days. The Transvaal yields as many diamonds as ever, the enormous benefits of the yield virtually go into an exceedingly circumscribed number of pockets, the wearers of which want still more, and are likely to get it, for they dispose of enormous capital. "Causa latet, vis est notissima," says Ovid. The line is literally true in this instance. The cause is hidden (in the earth), the effect is evident enough—too evident to the taste of those who venture to think that man does not live by gold alone, and that woman does not shine more brilliantly because she has a string of glittering pebbles round her neck. And but for the effect making itself most painfully felt in Europe, this quasi-sermon would have found no place here.



THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: MEN OF THE WEST INDIA REGIMENT AT DINNER ON BOARD THE "LOANDA."

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



THE TROUBLE IN THE TRANSVAAL: DR. JAMESON AND HIS MEN BEING ESCORTED AS PRISONERS AFTER THE BATTLE OF DOORNKOP.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Milton Prior.

The Prisoners form a Line up the Centre, and are distinguishable by the Absence of Rifles.



1. Cape Verd viewed from the Deck. 2. The Governor of Sierra Leone, Colonel Cardew, with Mrs. Cardew and his Staff, visiting the "Loanda."

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: ON BOARD THE "LOANDA" AT SIERRA LEONE.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



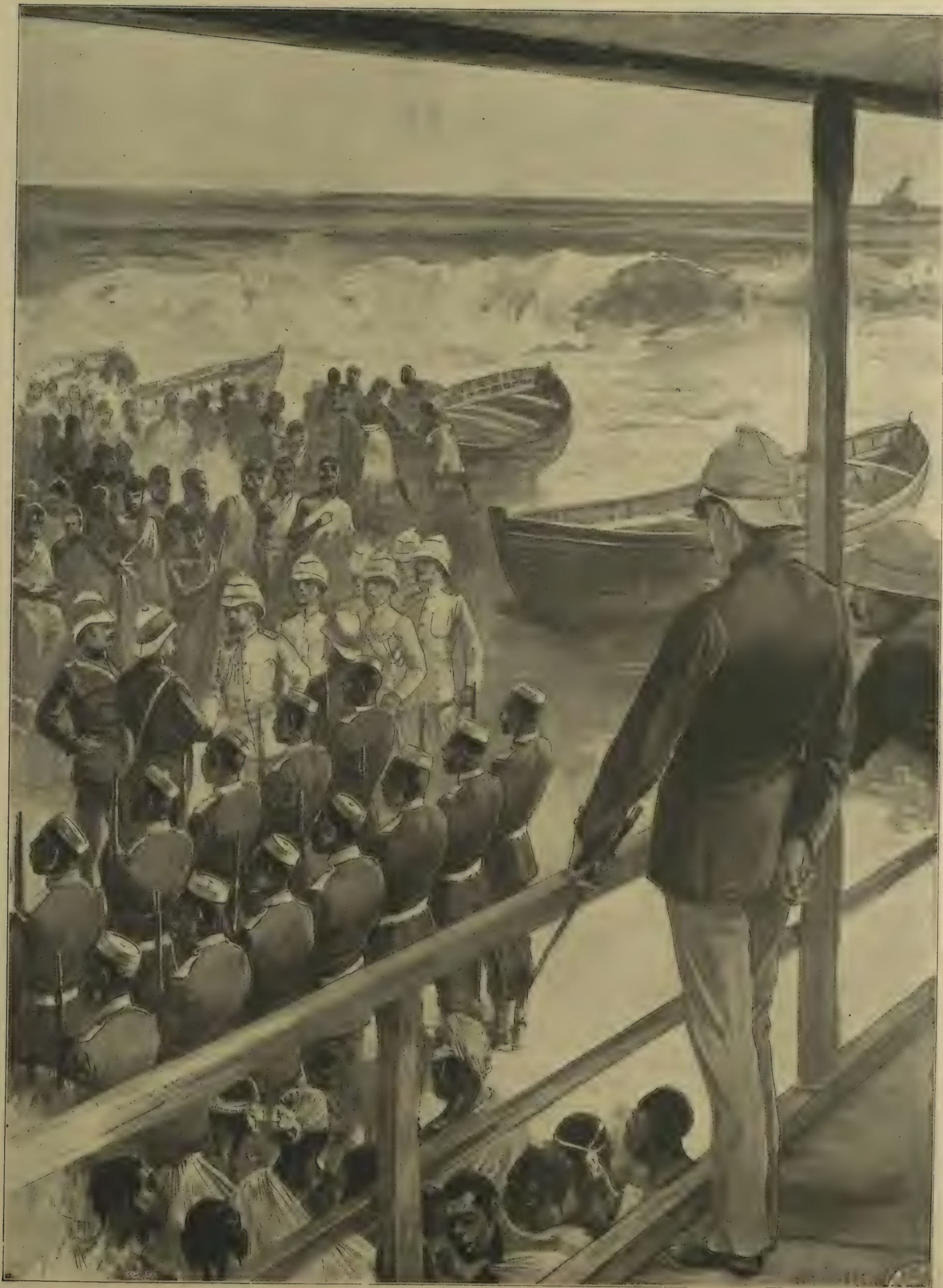
1. The Beach at Cape Coast Castle. 2. Scene after a Riot at Cape Coast Castle. 3. Surf-Boats landing Ammunition. 4. Chief Mauli Bussah, with his Courtiers and Attendants

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: SKETCHES AT CAPE COAST CASTLE.



THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: PRINCE CHRISTIAN AT HIS TOILETTE AT CAPE COAST CASTLE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: LANDING OF REAR-ADMIRAL RAWSON, AND HIS RECEPTION BY SIR FRANCIS SCOTT, AT CAPE COAST CASTLE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: AKROFUL, THE SECOND HALTING STATION ON THE MARCH FROM CAPE COAST CASTLE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



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H.M. The King of Greece.

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H.R.H. The Grand Duke of Hesse.
H.R.H. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

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H.R.H. The Duke of Aosta.
H.R.H. The Late Duke of Aosta, Ex-King of Spain.
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INDOOR ROWERS, which up till recently were only used for purposes of Athletic Training, are now generally used as Hygienic Agents to strengthen and to restore HEALTH, and are recommended by the Medical Profession to all those who suffer from

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"I take exercise on the Rower with sliding seat, in my Palace, every morning, and consider it a very valuable exercise."

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Late President of the Oxford University Boating Club, who recently purchased one of these rowers, writes us:

"The Home Rower is a good means of developing and keeping in good condition a number of muscles which are used in rowing, and is the best contrivance for its purpose I have yet seen."



The Court Circular,
Jan. 4, 1896.

"THE HOME ROWER.
"Messrs. Vigor and Co., of 21, Baker Street, whose substitute for horse-riding is so favourably known, are bringing out a new form of home exercise, by which the action of sculling a boat is very satisfactorily imitated. The apparatus occupies but a small space, is readily portable, and of moderate price. It is fitted with a sliding seat, and is so arranged that the resisting force may be regulated either to represent a hard pull against the stream or easy work with the current."

The World says, Jan. 7, 1896.

"This is a hygienic age. Health is always our first consideration, and that exercise is the best means towards health is so universally acknowledged that Vigor, of Baker Street, has become a public benefactor by his new inventions. His clever substitute for horse-riding was personally patronised by the Princess of Wales; and now the German Emperor has taken up his Home-tower, which is a machine by which you have all the advantages of real boating except river, scenery, and air. The action is the same as that of pulling in a boat, and you can regulate the action differently as though you were pulling up or down stream. There is, too, a sliding seat, and an indicator to show how far you would have gone had you been really rowing. Doctors have always recommended this exercise for weak lungs, and women who take nearly as much exercise now as men know well how good rowing is for the figure as well as for the health."

Rooms for testing this invention and also our new substitute for horse riding, PERSONALLY ORDERED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, and highly recommended by the FIELD, have been specially set apart at our Establishment.

Vigor & Co. 21, Baker St., London.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

Existence is becoming dull, flat, stale, and unprofitable now that the January sales have drawn to a close. New fashions worthy of the name have not put in an appearance. A gentle yellow fog overspreads the atmosphere from early morn till sombre eve, and the doctors have unhesitatingly declared that skating at Niagara and Hengler's is apt to engender rheumatism and sore throats. I wonder why doctors cultivate an unpleasant habit of putting their veto against any very popular amusement? About a year ago they one and all cried out about bicycling, discovering that it engendered every conceivable ill that womanly flesh is heir to. Now we hear that if we skate we shall get rheumatism and sciatica and sore throats, and all sorts of dire misfortunes may happen to us. However, I suppose we shall regard the medical dictum in this instance with just as much respect as we did when it ventured to declare against bicycling, an exercise which is, alas! somewhat impossible at the present moment, when the roads are alternately greasy and mud-laden.

I am still sighing after the Sunny South, where, by-the-way, I hear the clothes are anything but first-rate; for in a letter I received from Monte Carlo, I am informed that everybody looks dowdy and that everybody is nobody at the present moment. Perhaps the good time will come, as the Frenchman observed, and in a week or two I shall have letters relating of visions of loveliness in chiffon, and coming events of spring fashions, which invariably cast their shadows before in February at Monte Carlo and its environs. In the meantime life becomes tolerable only in the evenings here, when dancing is the order of the night and the ball-dress occupies all the attentions of the really serious woman who realises that dress is *the* business of life. Perhaps the most popular method of making an evening dress is with a flowered silk or brocade, or watered skirt, and a chiffon bodice. However, tulle remains a serious rival to chiffon, and certainly it lends itself most admirably to sleeves, very pretty sleeves being made now of infinitesimal frills of tulle, these set rather low down in a cluster and revealing the top portion of the arm. Other attractive sleeves of tulle are made of accordion pleating tucked, each tuck being pulled to set out aggressively. The tulle bodice usually shows a *ruche* of tulle round the décolletage, while shoulder-straps of flowers—either roses or violets—are smiled upon by the fashionable.

Skirts, contrary to the many predictions, show no diminution in their circumference. Indeed, the newest are set into flat pleats on the hips; but perhaps the prettiest style is that which fits tightly at the top and is trimmed below the knee with a flounce measuring some nine inches, headed with small ruchings—these set about an inch and a half apart, and recalling the styles of 1830 or thereabouts. Accompanying this skirt is usually to be found a bodice draped with a fichu brought through a very deep corselet and falling with short ends in the front. Deep corselet belts of all descriptions are very much in vogue just now, these being occasionally made for the stout figure with a short basque of lace round the back, not meeting in the front, where a large buckle or three diamonds may usually



GREEN CLOTH DRESS, WITH BLACK BODICE.

it looks its best, perhaps, when completed with sleeves gathered down to the wrist with short puffs at the top. The dress cut low back and front, boasting long transparent sleeves, is among the popular fashions, and most deservedly so; for it is excessively becoming, and, surely, in becomingness lurks the only convincing excuse for popularity.



A SATIN EVENING DRESS.

The moment the sun gives us the least excuse for such frivolity we usually commence to decorate our hats with tulle scarves and scarves of spotted chenille net. The black net spotted with white chenille makes a charming decoration for a black straw hat, especially when the hat is lined with white tulle. White felt hats are most successfully trimmed with this chenille net; white wings also playing their decorative part on such millinery; while, alas and alack for the humaneness of woman! the white osprey invariably adds its influence. It is a curious fact that, however much women may recognise the barbarity of butchering the young herons to make their milliner's holiday, they still continue to do so while Fashion appreciates the charms of the osprey; indeed, I heard one woman say quite recently, when I ventured gently to protest against her buying a white osprey, that its purchase could be no crime as it was there ready in a box at the draper's whether she chose it or not! Silly person! She quite forgot that it is only the demand that creates the supply, and that the one which she bought will be instantly replaced by the astute shopman who recognises the enormous demand. But it is impossible to reason with any woman when Fashion puts in a plea; this She who must be obeyed invariably wins, even though the quality of mercy has to be strained in her defence.

But to leave off moralising and to describe those two Illustrations which appear on this page. The one shows a distinct Empire tendency, and is most charming at that. I can imagine it achieving special success made in one of the Liberty satins in a faint green tone, with the décolletage outlined with bands of green sequins and white pearl embroidery, the same embroidery being brought beneath the arm to form a bow in the centre and hang with fringed ends below the knees; the short sleeves are caught in the centre with a small band of the trimming again, while the hem of the skirt is elaborately embroidered in sequins and pearls traced with gold thread. By the way, how wonderful are the embroideries to-day! With what infinite ingenuity and skill are they devised, and with what patience are they not executed! Many of the newest gowns from Paris have now traceries of gold and pearls and sequins down either seam, and the labour involved in this is something prodigious when we come to consider the vast width of the skirts of to-day, which—in parenthesis it may be mentioned—is by no means growing less. But to that other Illustration, which is attractive enough in its way to escape neglect! The skirt and sleeves and vest of this are of rifle-green cloth, while the bodice is of black cloth trimmed with jet, a small embroidery of jet appearing just in the vest at the neck, while the black cloth may be seen at the wrist, over the collar-band, and forming a background for the embroidered fobs, which hang with fringed ends on either side of the front.—PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Lady Henry Somerset's son's marriage with Lady Katherine Beauclerk was of the grandest order of such functions, and may, perhaps, be useful in reminding people that though Lady Henry pleases to work on platforms for her "causes" as hard as if she were an ambitious young barrister in hope of political office, she is none the less a "grande dame de par le monde," as Brantome says. The bridegroom is her only child, and, as matters stand, is the heir to the Dukedom of Beaufort,

though the marriage of his uncle, Lord Worcester, last autumn, makes Mr. Somerset's position just a little less certain. Anyhow, it was a brilliant match, even for the charming daughter of the Duke of St. Albans—the second wedding from that family in five months, for it is only so long since Lady Moira Beauclerk was married—and the ceremony was conducted with all the state possible.

It was shorn of some of its splendour, of course, by the royal death, which led many of the guests to wear black. Both the bride's half-sisters were in black, Lady Louise Loder relieving her black velvet dress and hat with white satin front and bows. Baroness Burdett-Coutts wore black with an ermine boa; and Lady Jeanne (two of whose daughters were bridesmaids) also appeared in black and white. Lady Henry Somerset herself wore the palest brown mirror velvet with gold embroidery on the bodice and a white satin and lace covered vest with diamond brooches all down the front of it, with a gold bonnet with plumes of ostrich and osprey in the same colour as the dress. The Duchess of St. Albans had a black and gold striped dress. It was a "white wedding," the bridesmaids' frocks being of soft white silk, with chiffon fichus, and their hats of white felt trimmed with ostrich-plumes, relieved by one red rose alone; the bouquets were of lilies-of-the-valley, white lilac, and red roses, in the shower form. The bride's white satin was trimmed with Brussels lace, and her veil was of Brussels appliqué, with a little wreath of real orange-blossoms; the veil was fixed on at the front of her head by a large diamond butterfly, the gift of Lady Henry, it having been worn by three generations of the brides of the heirs of her house before this fair girl.

Canon Wilberforce, who was the chief officiating clergyman, made a most acceptable innovation by substituting for the usual homily at the end of the service—that portion of it which is devoted to impressing subjection on the bride, and has so sadly little that is practical or convincing to say as to the reciprocal obligations of the bridegroom in his family relations—the reading of the very beautiful thirteenth chapter of the first Corinthians. Reading from the Revised Version, wherein the "charity" of the older version becomes "love," the Canon's mellifluous voice and exquisite enunciation produced great effect, and made the selection seem most appropriate.

I had myself in my mind chosen long ago another chapter as the most appropriate for weddings. It is a chapter in which (it appears to me) the rule of life—those general principles of conduct that the great change of marriage encourages us to reconsider, so to speak—is very fully and altogether admirably set forth. I refer to the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. It is perfectly optional with the celebrating priest what he will read at that point of the service, or whether he read anything, indeed; for he is at liberty to give an original sermon, as the rubric says, "declaring the duties of man and wife." So I venture with all respect to invite the notice of the clergy to this chapter, as suitable from every point of view for marriage reading.

By the way, one of the most extraordinary facts that is being brought out by the operation of the new law for allowing a wife to claim a maintenance from her husband if she has left him in consequence of his ill-usage of her, is the rapidity with which marriage has proved a failure in many cases. If such instances continue, they may be supposed to be the result of the Act. In fact it may perhaps prove that some women of the stamp of Thomas Hardy's "Arabella" may actually marry for the express purpose of getting an allowance and going to live on it away from the husbands whom they have purposely irritated into violence. But this cannot be said about the immediate operation of the new law: the women who, previous to this law existing, left their husbands a few days, weeks, or months after marriage, preferring to return to their parents or to single-handed efforts to earn a living rather than to put up with the conjugal treatment they immediately received, cannot have foreseen this new law, and must really have found their marriage perfectly insufferable.

I have reports of a considerable number of cases lying before me in which wives have been assaulted by their husbands or have been deserted by them in a week or but a little longer. The fact is, I fear, that many young people do not at all realise that marriage is not Paradise, but rather like going into a school of self-repression, unselfishness, patience, and learning new duties, with just a little happiness as a prize for those who win it. If marriage were regarded more in this sober light, and less as a means of gaining personal happiness, it might be that there would be fewer explosions of incompatibility, and less utter failure than is now evidently so common.

If any of my readers are about to stock or replenish the linen-chest, I can quite conscientiously recommend to their notice Messrs. Walpole's sale, at 89, New Bond Street, and 102, Kensington High Street, which is to continue to Feb. 8. I have personally bought my linen for some years there, and can safely say, therefore, that it is both beautiful and good; while the prices, at all times, are exceptional value for quality, and just now in the sale are phenomenal. It is a mistake to suppose that a Bond Street house must needs be expensive. Messrs. Walpole are the actual manufacturers of their goods, keeping a whole village in the North of Ireland at work for them, and the rapidity of their "turnover," added to the absence of middle profits, enables them to sell at a very low price. There are some tablecloths in the sale at the absurdly small price of seven shillings and sixpence for a two-yards square, and full-sized serviettes to match at thirteen shillings per dozen, the pattern being a tiny spot with a "snowdrop" border, that are wonderfully cheap. For ten and sixpence for the same size there are four charming patterns, the "Oriental Palms" and the "Tulip" designs especially effective. A sale catalogue gives further particulars. Lady Aberdeen, the steady friend of Ireland, has recently sent Messrs. Walpole an order for the Viceregal establishment amounting to over a thousand pounds; and the Duchess of Abercorn chose this firm to make the wedding linen for the Duke and Duchess of York.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 30, 1895) of Mr. John Smith, of 54, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Dec. 31, by Robert Davidson and Arthur Humbert, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £423,797. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the British Hospital at Buenos Ayres; £500 each to the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund, the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, and the Charity Organisation Society; £10,000 to his brother Patrick Borthwick Smith, £1000 each to his executors; and legacies to relatives, servants, and others. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to Jane Davidson Crawford Myrtle, Elizabeth Brown Humbert, and Margaret Johana Smith, the daughters of his brother Thomas Smith, and to Henry Smith, Charles George Smith, Patrick Crawford Smith, and Frederick Crawford Smith, the daughters of his brother Thomas Smith, in the proportion of two tenths each to his three nieces, and of one tenth each to his four nephews.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1895), with a codicil (dated Sept. 27 following), of Mr. Charles Thomas Lucas, J.P., D.L., senior partner of the firms of Lucas Brothers, Lucas and Aird, and John Aird and Sons, of Warnham Court, Sussex, and 9, Belgrave Square, who died on Dec. 4, was proved on Jan. 17 by Charles James Lucas, Alfred George Lucas, and Morton Peto Lucas, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £312,078. The testator leaves £100 each to the Cottage Hospital at Horsham, and the Convalescent Hospital at Lowestoft; the Warnham Court estate and all his lands and heredita-

ments in the county of Sussex (including the advowson of Warnham), and all the furniture, pictures, plate, effects, horses, carriages, and live and dead farming stock, etc., at Warnham Court to his son Charles James; £30,000 each to his sons Charles James and Alfred George, with the object of improving their position respectively in E. Lacon and Co., Limited; £25,000 to his son Morton Peto; £25,000, upon trust, for Clara Lucas, the widow of his son Herbert Thomas, for life, or until she shall marry again, and then for his said son's children; and many legacies to persons in the employ of his firms and servants. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives two thirds to his son Charles James, and one third to his son Alfred George.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1889) of Mr. Charles Cecil Gowan, formerly of 7, Cophall Court, Throgmorton Street, and Bell House, Dulwich, and late of Knowle Hall, Bridgwater, Somersetshire, who died on Dec. 16, was proved on Jan. 17 by Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Gowan, the widow, James Fraser Hore and Edward Madge Hore, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £63,896. The testator gives all his household furniture and effects at his freehold house, Holm Lea, Sea View, Isle of Wight, and also the right to occupy the said house and his leasehold residence, Bell House (for the remainder of his interest therein) for her life to his wife; and £100 each to his executors, Mr. J. F. Hore and Mr. E. M. Hore. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves two thirds to his children in equal shares, and one third, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 24, 1892), with a codicil (dated

Dec. 29 following), of Mr. Charles Clifton Dicconson, of 27, Connaught Square, and Writlington Hall, Lancashire, who died on Nov. 20, was proved on Jan. 17 by Thomas Ratcliffe Ellis and Joseph Clifton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £47,354. The testator bequeaths £3000 to the said Joseph Clifton; £1500 to the said Thomas Ratcliffe Ellis; an annuity of £52 to Agneta A. Parfitt; and legacies to persons employed on his estate, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to the Hon. Monica Mary Oliphant, and the Hon. Catherine Frances Gosselin, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 7, 1893), with a codicil (dated Aug. 13, 1895), of Mr. Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L., F.S.A., J.P., of Foxholes, near Christchurch, Hants, and 62, Rutland Gate, who died on Oct. 21, was proved on Jan. 20 by Mrs. Christina Georgina Jane Reeve, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £25,766. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all the property, real, leasehold, and personal, of which he may die possessed, to his wife absolutely. The deceased was Registrar of the Privy Council from 1837 to 1887; and in 1855 succeeded Sir George Cornewall Lewis as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1887) of Sir Philip Henry Pouncefort-Duncombe, Bart., D.L., J.P., of Brickhill Manor, Bletchley, Bucks, who died on Aug. 26, was proved on Jan. 20 by Dame Flora Pouncefort-Duncombe, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £23,554. The testator leaves all his books (except one or two specifically bequeathed) and

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Late Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy to the
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My analytical and practical experience of PEARS' SOAP now extends over a lengthened period—NEARLY FIFTY YEARS—during which time—

I have never come across another Toilet Soap which so closely realises my ideal of perfection,

its purity is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin—

even that of a New Born Babe."

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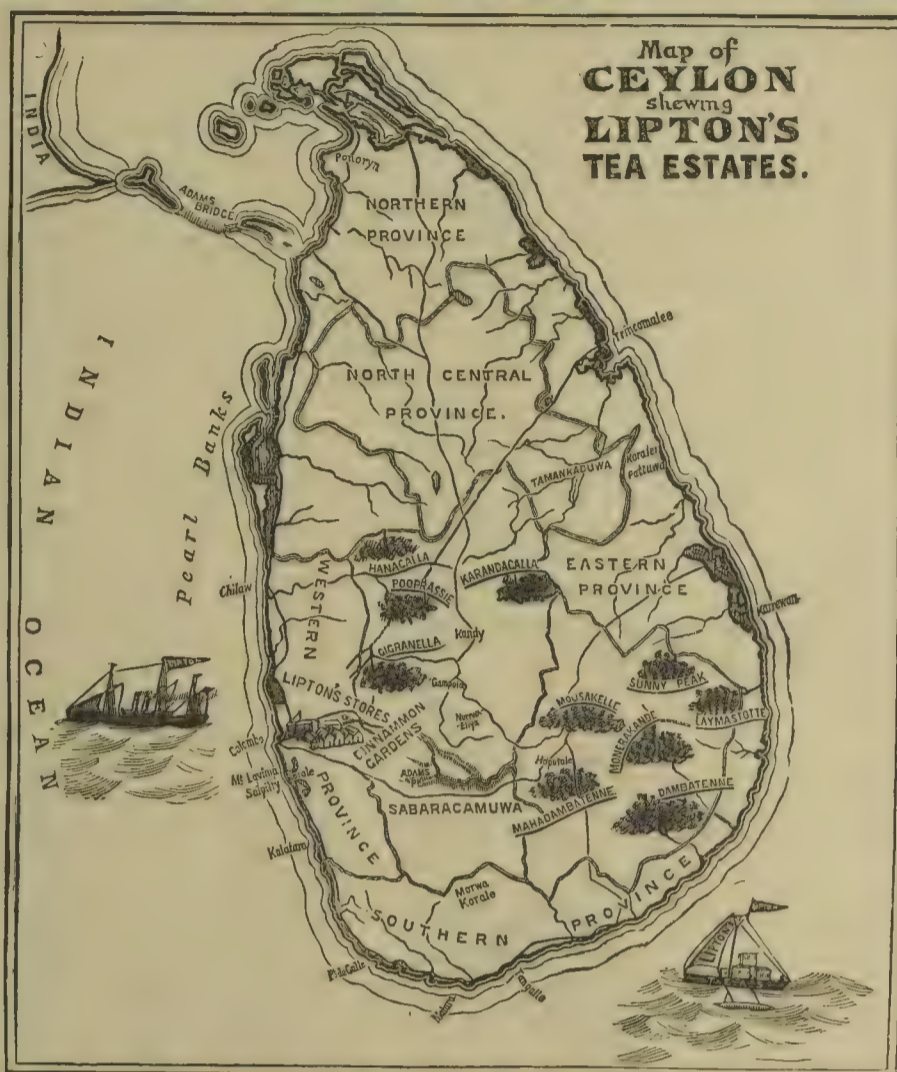
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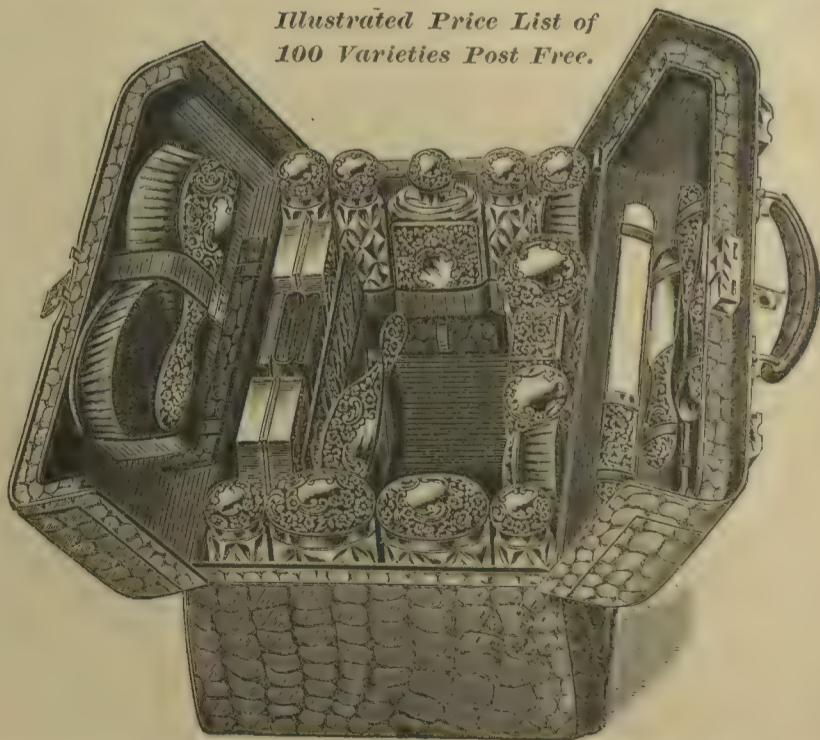
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Manufactory: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.



books of photographs to go as heirlooms with the baronetcy of Duncombe; and there are specific bequests to his daughter Eleanor Flora, to sisters and to cousins. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1895) of Mr. Aubrey Brock, of Cranley Mansions, Brechin Place, Kensington, who died on Nov. 28 at Montone, was proved on Jan. 17 by Mrs. Hilda Sabina Flueter Brock, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £19,136. The testator bequeaths £1000, and all his furniture and effects, to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, then for his issue as she shall appoint, and in default of appointment to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1894) of Mr. Uvedale Corbett, J.P., of Ashfield Hall, Cheshire, who died on July 6 at 47, Hyde Park Gate, was proved on Jan. 16 by Richard Cecil Corbett and Uvedale Bennett Corbett, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16,457. The testator states that he has already charged the Prenton estate with £9000 in favour of his sons, Richard Cecil and Uvedale Bennett, and he now further charges the same estate with £3000 in favour of his last-named son; and he appoints the trust funds of the settlement of his late wife's property to his said two sons. The reversionary life interest of his son Reginald William Uvedale in the Ashfield estate, which he purchased, he leaves, upon trust, to pay his said son £400 per annum, and to accumulate the remainder of the income until it amounts to £12,600;

of this sum he gives £5000 each to his sons, Richard Cecil and Uvedale Bennett, and £2600, upon trust, for Julia Corbett, the widow of his late son Lionel Edmund Henry, and then to go with his residuary personal estate. The annual payment to his son Reginald William Uvedale is afterwards to be increased to £1500, and ultimately to £2000. He bequeaths £1000 and five £100 shares in an estate in Ceylon to his said daughter-in-law; £200 to Mrs. Susannah Gertrude Lutyens; legacies to his housemaid, housekeeper, and butler; and there are various specific bequests to his sons and said daughter-in-law, and of some articles to go as heirlooms with Ashfield Hall. The residue of the personal estate is to be divided between his three surviving sons.

The will of Dame Augusta Graham (widow of Sir Lumley Graham, Bart., of Kirkstall), of Lindenhurst Speen, Berks, who died on July 14, was proved on Dec. 23 by the Rev. Arthur Joyce, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £15,797. The testatrix leaves £12,000, less the probate duty payable in respect thereof, upon trust, for her sister, Leonora Raymond Barker, for life, then for her brother, Percy Raymond Barker, for life, then as to two thirds of the capital sum for Reginald Henry, the eldest son of her said brother, and as to one third for Hugh, another son of her said brother; and a few other legacies. The residue of her property she gives to her said sister.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Captain Francis Robinson Hartland Atcherley, of Stone

House, West Felton, Oswestry, Salop, who died on Nov. 16 intestate, were granted on Jan. 16 to Mrs. Esther Hodgson Atcherley, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7427.

The will of Mr. Edward Kirkpatrick, formerly of Beechhurst, Eccles, Lancashire, and late of Hillfield, Bournemouth, who died on Nov. 16, was proved on Jan. 10 by Henry Kirkland, the brother, and Thomas Lister Farrar, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5174.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Perhaps the oldest Nonconformist minister in London has just retired from active service—the Rev. Thomas Hill, of the Evangelical Congregational Church. Mr. Hill was ordained at Chigwell Row in 1839, and has thus laboured for fifty-six years.

St. Thomas's Congregational Church, Hackney, of which Mr. J. Allenson Picton was formerly minister, has been taken over by the Presbyterians.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol says that the volume of Church work is silently increasing, while the quality is steadily improving. There is a fair increase in the number of confirmations, though no advance can be reported in ordinations. The contributions are fairly well kept up. The Bishop advises moderate expectations as to elementary education. "We must not expect over much. With drifting war-clouds on the horizon, we shall probably,

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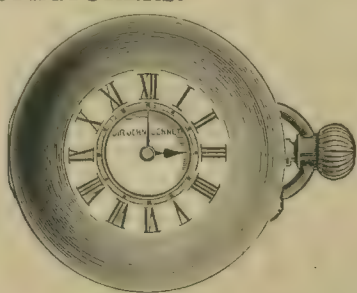
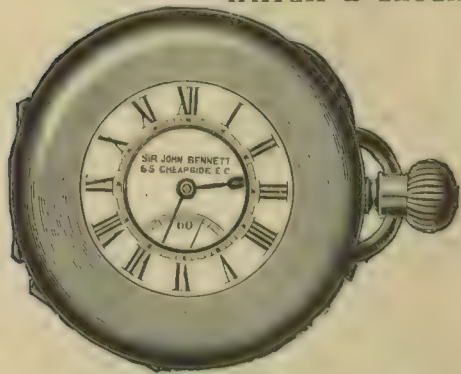
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For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening and rendering the Hair beautifully soft. For removing scurf, dandruff, &c.
Also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour
IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.
Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any Metallic or other injurious ingredients.

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Prevents and Cures all species of Scurf. Keeps the Scalp Clean, and Allays all Irritation. 1/2, 2/6, and (triple 2/6 size) 4/6 per bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the world, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

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CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne: that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1894.

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CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

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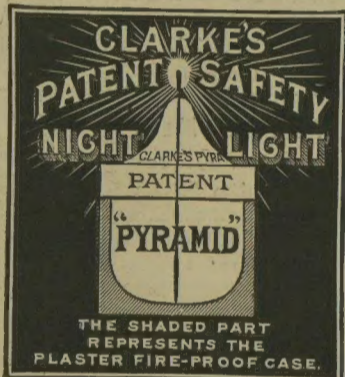
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for the present, obtain little more than the first and second of the measures we recommend—namely the abolition of the seventeen and sixpence limit, and of some minor limitations, and exemption of all elementary schools from rates. But this will be, though not universally, a slight alleviation."

The intolerance of long speeches gradually begins to impress officials. It has been resolved by the committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society to restrict the reading of the annual report at the Exeter Hall missionary meeting to twenty minutes, and to reduce the number of the speakers on that occasion.

Canon Gore contributes an article on the relation of the Church of England to other Christian bodies, in which he says that the article of the Creed about which there

is at the present day the most anxiety is that of the virgin birth of Christ. He insists that an appeal to Scripture must be made on everything, even on so troublesome a matter as the Christian law of marriage. This may be taken as a reaffirmation of his well-known view that the innocent party in divorce is entitled to remarriage.

A friendly attitude is taken towards the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament. Canon Gibson, who writes on the subject, says: "When all the facts are before us and experts have said the last word, wherever the truth may ultimately be found to lie in regard to such questions as are now raised with regard to the composition, authorship, and character of the books of the Old Testament, the great body of English Churchmen will

candidly and cheerfully accept it, and find that it has not in any degree shaken their faith or diminished their reverence for Holy Scripture."

Canon Gore says that if the Church of England has a specific function it is determined by the fact that at the Reformation she combined the maintenance of the Catholic system with that appeal to Scripture as the final court of reference and limitation on matters of faith which characterised the Reformation. If this combination is a possible and desirable one; if there is that in human nature and in the intention of Christ which renders its maintenance essential, then the Church of England has a definite standing-ground. If it is not, she appears to have no intelligible standing-ground between Romanism on the one side and Protestantism on the other.

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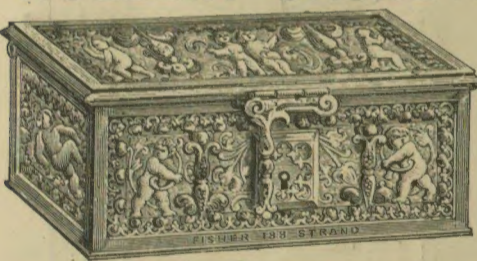
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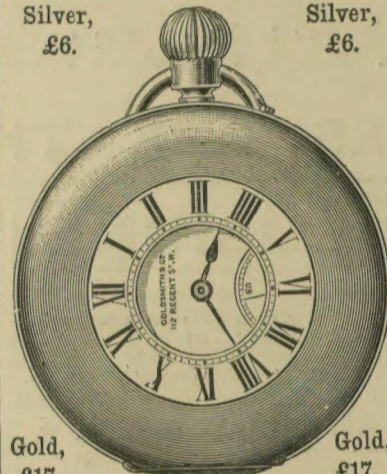
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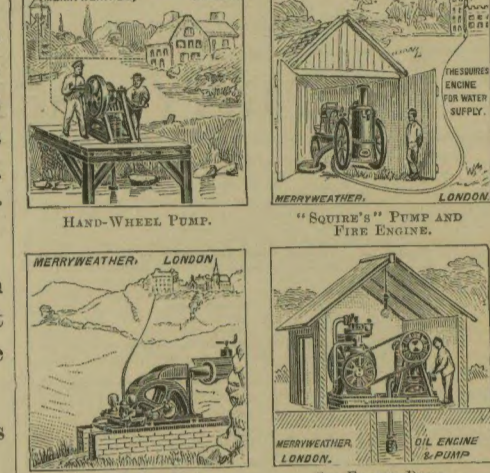
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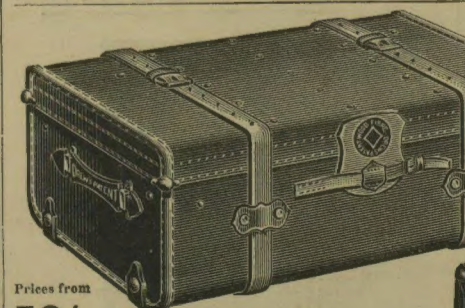
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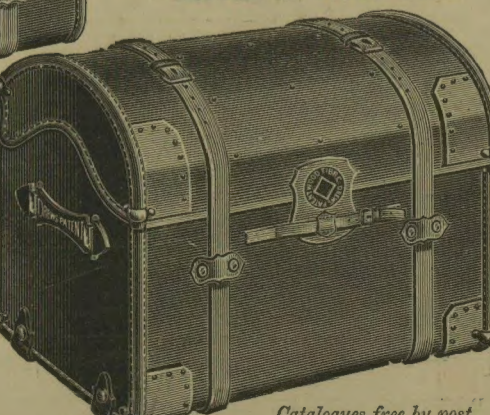
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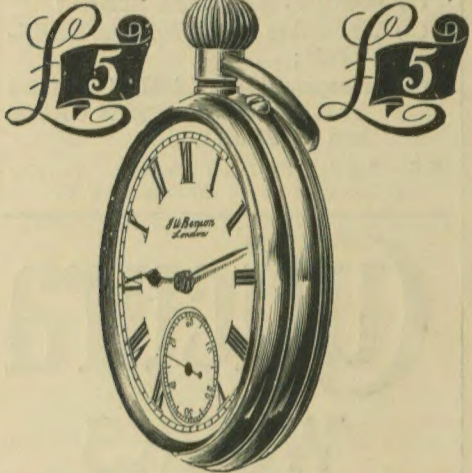
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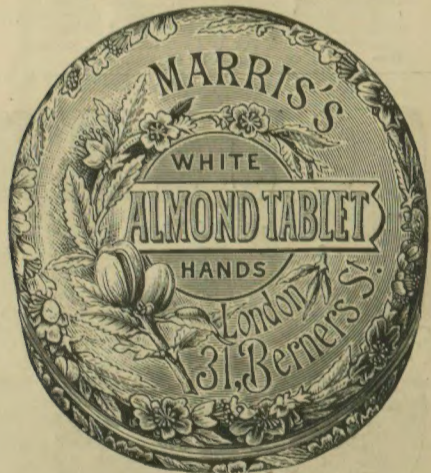
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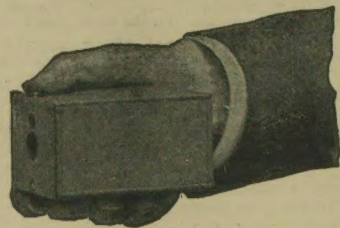
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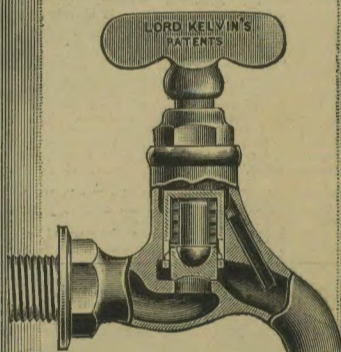
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